

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XXIV. DRAWN TO THE LOADSTONE ROCK.

In such risings of fire and risings of sea—the firm earth shaken by the rushes of an angry ocean which had now no ebb but was always on the flow, higher and higher, to the terror and wonder of the beholders on the shore—three years of tempest were consumed. Three more birthdays of little Lucie had been woven by the golden thread into the peaceful tissue of the life of her home.

Many a night and many a day had its inmates listened to the echoes in the corner, with hearts that failed them when they heard the thronging feet. For, the footsteps had become to their minds as the footsteps of a people, tumultuous under a red flag and with their country declared in danger, changed into wild beasts, by terrible enchantment long persisted in.

Monseigneur, as a class, had dissociated himself from the phenomenon of his not being appreciated: of his being so little wanted in France, as to incur considerable danger of receiving his dismissal from it, and this life together. Like the fabled rustic who raised the Devil with infinite pains, and was so terrified at the sight of him that he could ask the Enemy no question, but immediately fled; so, Monseigneur, after boldly reading the Lord's Prayer backwards for a great number of years, and performing many other potent spells for compelling the Evil One, no sooner beheld him in his terrors than he took to his noble heels.

The shining Bull's Eye of the Court was gone, or it would have been the mark for a hurricane of national bullets. It had never been a good eye to see with—had long had the mote in it of Lucifer's pride, Sardapapalus's luxury, and a mole's blindness—but it had dropped out and was gone. The Court, from that exclusive inner circle to its outermost rotten ring of intrigue, corruption, and dissimulation, was all gone together. Royalty was gone; had been besieged in its Palace and "suspended," when the last tidings came over.

The August of the year one thousand

seven hundred and ninety-two was come, and Monseigneur was by this time scattered far and wide.

As was natural, the head-quarters and great gathering-place of Monseigneur, in London, was Tellson's Bank. Spirits are supposed to haunt the places where their bodies most resorted, and Monseigneur without a guinea haunted the spot where his guineas used to be. Moreover, it was the spot to which such French intelligence as was most to be relied upon, came quickest. Again: Tellson's was a munificent house, and extended great liberality to old customers who had fallen from their high estate. Again: those nobles who had seen the coming storm in time, and anticipating plunder or confiscation, had made provident remittances to Tellson's, were always to be heard of there by their needy brethren. To which it must be added that every new comer from France reported himself and his tidings at Tellson's, almost as a matter of course. For such variety of reasons, Tellson's was at that time, as to French intelligence, a kind of High Exchange; and this was so well known to the public, and the inquiries made there were in consequence so numerous, that Tellson's sometimes wrote the latest news out in a line or so and posted it in the Bank windows, for all who ran through Temple Bar to read.

On a steaming, misty afternoon, Mr. Lorry sat at his desk, and Charles Darnay stood leaning on it, talking with him in a low voice. The penitential den once set apart for interviews with the House, was now the news-Exchange, and was filled to overflowing. It was within half an hour or so of the time of closing.

"But, although you are the youngest man that ever lived," said Charles Darnay, rather hesitating, "I must still suggest to you——"

"I understand. That I am too old?" said Mr. Lorry.

"Unsettled weather, a long journey, uncertain means of travelling, a disorganised country, a city that may not even be safe for you."

"My dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, with cheerful confidence, "you touch some of the reasons for my going: not for my staying away. It is safe enough for me; nobody will care to interfere with an old fellow of hard upon fourscore when there are so many people there much better worth interfering with. As to its being a disorganised city, if it were not a disorganised city there would be no occasion to

send somebody from our House here to our House there, who knows the city and the business, of old, and is in Tellson's confidence. As to the uncertain travelling, the long journey, and the winter weather, if I were not prepared to submit myself to a few inconveniences for the sake of Tellson's, after all these years, who ought to be?"

"I wish I were going myself," said Charles Darnay, somewhat restlessly, and like one thinking aloud.

"Indeed! You are a pretty fellow to object and advise!" exclaimed Mr. Lorry. "You wish you were going yourself? And you a Frenchman born? You are a wise counsellor."

"My dear Mr. Lorry, it is because I am a Frenchman born, that the thought (which I did not mean to utter here, however) has passed through my mind often. One cannot help thinking, having had some sympathy for the miserable people, and having abandoned something to them," he spoke here in his former thoughtful manner, "that one might be listened to, and might have the power to persuade to some restraint. Only last night, after you had left us, when I was talking to Lucie—"

"When you were talking to Lucie," Mr. Lorry repeated. "Yes. I wonder you are not ashamed to mention the name of Lucie! Wishing you were going to France at this time of day!"

"However, I am not going," said Charles Darnay, with a smile. "It is more to the purpose that you say you are."

"And I am, in plain reality. The truth is, my dear Charles," Mr. Lorry glanced at the distant House, and lowered his voice, "you can have no conception of the difficulty with which our business is transacted, and of the peril in which our books and papers over yonder are involved. The Lord above knows what the compromising consequences would be to numbers of people, if some of our documents were seized or destroyed; and they might be, at any time, you know, for who can say that Paris is not set afire to-day, or sacked to-morrow! Now, a judicious selection from these with the least possible delay, and the burying of them, or otherwise getting of them out of harm's way, is within the power (without loss of precious time) of scarcely any one but myself, if any one. And shall I hang back, when Tellson's knows this and says this—Tellson's, whose bread I have eaten these sixty years—because I am a little stiff about the joints? Why, I am a boy, sir, to half a dozen old codgers here!"

"How I admire the gallantry of your youthful spirit, Mr. Lorry."

"Tut! Nonsense, sir!—And, my dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, glancing at the House again, "you are to remember, that getting things out of Paris at this present time, no matter what things, is next to an impossibility. Papers and precious matters were this very day brought to us here (I speak in strict confidence; it is not business-like to whisper it, even to you), by the strangest bearers you can imagine, every one of

whom had his head hanging on by a single hair as he passed the Barriers. At another time, our parcels would come and go, as easily as in business-like Old England; but now, everything is stopped."

"And do you really go to-night?"

"I really go to-night, for the case has become too pressing to admit of delay."

"And do you take no one with you?"

"All sorts of people have been proposed to me, but I will have nothing to say to any of them. I intend to take Jerry. Jerry has been my body-guard on Sunday nights for a long time past, and I am used to him. Nobody will suspect Jerry of being anything but an English bulldog, or of having any design in his head but to fly at anybody who touches his master."

"I must say again that I heartily admire your gallantry and youthfulness."

"I must say again, nonsense, nonsense! When I have executed this little commission, I shall, perhaps, accept Tellson's proposal to retire and live at my ease. Time enough, then, to think about growing old."

This dialogue had taken place at Mr. Lorry's usual desk, with Monseigneur swarming within yard or two of it, boastful of what he would do to avenge himself on the rascal-people before long. It was too much the way of Monseigneur under his reverses as a refugee, and it was much too much the way of native British orthodoxy, to talk of this terrible Revolution as if it were the one only harvest ever known under the skies that had not been sown—as if nothing had ever been done, or omitted to be done, that had led to it—as if observers of the wretched millions in France, and of the misused and perverted resources that should have made them prosperous, had not seen it inevitably coming, years before, and had not in plain words recorded what they saw. Such vapouring, combined with the extravagant plots of Monseigneur for the restoration of state of things that had utterly exhausted itself, and worn out Heaven and earth as well as itself, was hard to be endured without some remonstrance by any sane man who knew the truth. And it was such vapouring all about his ears, like a troublesome confusion of blood in his own head, added to a latent uneasiness in his mind, which had already made Charles Darnay restless, and which still kept him so.

Among the talkers, was Stryver, of the King's Bench Bar, far on his way to state promotion, and, therefore, loud on the theme: broaching to Monseigneur, his devices for blowing the people up and exterminating them from the face of the earth, and doing without them: and for accomplishing many similar objects akin in their nature to the abolition of eagles by sprinkling salt on the tails of the race. Him, Darnay heard with a particular feeling of objection; and Darnay stood divided between going away that he might hear no more, and remaining to interpose his word, when the thing that was to be, went on to shape itself out.

The House approached Mr. Lorry, and laying

a soiled and unopened letter before him, asked if he had yet discovered any traces of the person to whom it was addressed? The House laid the letter down so close to Darnay that he saw the direction—the more quickly, because it was his own right name. The address, turned into English, ran: "Very pressing. To Monsieur heretofore the Marquis St. Evremont, of France, Confided to the care of Messrs. Tellson and Co., Bankers, London, England."

On the marriage morning, Doctor Manette had made it his one urgent and express request to Charles Darnay, that the secret of this name should be—unless he, the Doctor, dissolved the obligation—kept inviolate between them. Nobody else knew it to be his name; his own wife had no suspicion of the fact; Mr. Lorry could have none.

"No," said Mr. Lorry, in reply to the House; "I have referred it, I think, to everybody now here, and no one can tell me where this gentleman is to be found."

The hands of the clock verging upon the hour of closing the Bank, there was a general set of the current of talkers past Mr. Lorry's desk. He held the letter out inquiringly; and Monseigneur looked at it, in the person of this plotting and indignant refugee; and Monseigneur looked at it, in the person of that plotting and indignant refugee; and This, That, and The Other, all had something disparaging to say, in French or in English, concerning the Marquis who was not to be found.

"Nephew, I believe—but in any case degenerate successor—of the polished Marquis who was murdered," said one. "Happy to say, I never knew him."

"A craven who abandoned his post," said another—this Monseigneur had been got out of Paris, legs uppermost and half suffocated, in a load of hay—"some years ago."

"Infected with the new doctrines," said a third, eyeing the direction through his glass in passing; "set himself in opposition to the last Marquis, abandoned the estates when he inherited them, and left them to the ruffian herd. They will recompense him now, I hope, as he deserves."

"Hey?" cried the blatant Stryver. "Did he though? Is that the sort of fellow? Let us look at his infamous name. D—n the fellow!"

Darnay, unable to restrain himself any longer, touched Mr. Stryver on the shoulder, and said :

"I know the fellow."

"Do you, by Jupiter?" said Stryver. "I am sorry for it."

"Why?"

"Why, Mr. Darnay? D'yé hear what he did? Don't ask, why, in these times."

"But I do ask why."

"Then I tell you again, Mr. Darnay, I am sorry for it. I am sorry to hear you putting any such extraordinary questions. Here is a fellow, who, infected by the most pestilent and blasphemous code of devilry that ever was known, abandoned his property to the vilest scum of the earth that ever did murder b—'esale,

and you ask me why I am sorry that a man who instructs youth knows him? Well, but I'll answer you. I am sorry, because I believe there is contamination in such a scoundrel. That's why."

Mindful of the secret, Darnay with great difficulty checked himself, and said: "You may not understand the gentleman."

"I understand how to put *you* in a corner, Mr. Darnay," said Bully Stryver, "and I'll do it. "If this fellow is a gentleman, I *don't* understand him. You may tell him so, with my compliments. You may also tell him, from me, that after abandoning his worldly goods and position to this butcherly mob, I wonder he is not at the head of them. But, no, gentlemen," said Stryver, looking all round, and snapping his fingers, "I know something of human nature, and I tell you that you'll never find a fellow like this fellow, trusting himself to the mercies of such precious *protégés*. No, gentlemen; he'll always show 'em a clean pair of heels very early in the scuffle, and sneak away."

With those words, and a final snap of his fingers, Mr. Stryver shouldered himself into Fleet-street, amidst the general approbation of his hearers. Mr. Lorry and Charles Darnay were left alone at the desk, in the general departure from the Bank.

"Will you take charge of the letter?" said Mr. Lorry. "You know where to deliver it?"

"I do."

"Will you undertake to explain that we suppose it to have been addressed here, on the chance of our knowing where to forward it, and that it has been here some time?"

"I will do so. Do you start for Paris from here?"

"From here, at eight."

"I will come back, to see you off."

Very ill at ease with himself, and with Stryver and most other men, Darnay made the best of his way into the quiet of the Temple, opened the letter, and read it. These were its contents :

"PRISON OF THE ABBAYE, PARIS.

"JUNE 21, 1792.

"MONSIEUR HERETOPORE THE MARQUIS.

"After having long been in danger of my life at the hands of the village, I have been seized, with great violence and indignity, and brought a long journey on foot to Paris. On the road I have suffered a great deal. Nor is that all; my house has been destroyed—razed to the ground.

"The crime for which I am imprisoned, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, and for which I shall be summoned before the tribunal, and shall lose my life (without your so generous help), is, they tell me, treason against the majesty of the people, in that I have acted against them for an emigrant. It is in vain I represent that I have acted for them, and not against, according to your commands. It is in vain I represent that, before the sequestration of emigrant property, I had remitted the imposts they had ceased to pay; that I had collected no rent; that I had had recourse to no process. The only response is, that I

have acted for an emigrant, and where is that emigrant?

"Ah! most gracious Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, where is that emigrant? I cry in my sleep where is he! I demand of Heaven, will he not come to deliver me! No answer. Ah Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I send my desolate cry across the sea, hoping it may perhaps reach your ears through the great bank of Tilson known at Paris!

"For the love of Heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honour of your noble name, I supplicate you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, to succour and release me. My fault is, that I have been true to you. O Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I pray you be you true to me!

"From this prison here of horror, whence I every hour tend nearer and nearer to destruction, I send you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, the assurance of my dolorous and unhappy service.

"Your afflicted,

"GABELLE."

The latent uneasiness in Darnay's mind was roused to vigorous life by this letter. The peril of an old servant and a good one, whose only crime was fidelity to himself and his family, stared him so reproachfully in the face, that, as he walked to and fro in the Temple considering what to do, he almost hid his face from the passers-by.

He knew very well, that in his horror of the deed which had culminated the bad deeds and bad reputation of the old family house, in his resentful suspicions of his uncle, and in the aversion with which his conscience regarded the crumbling fabric that he was supposed to uphold, he had acted imperfectly. He knew very well, that in his love for Lucie, his renunciation of his social place, though by no means new to his own mind, had been hurried and incomplete. He knew that he ought to have systematically worked it out and supervised it, and that he had meant to do it, and that it had never been done.

The happiness of his own chosen English home, the necessity of being always actively employed, the swift changes and troubles of the time which had followed on one another so fast, that the events of this week annihilated the immature plans of last week, and the events of the week following made all new again; he knew very well, that to the force of these circumstances he had yielded:—not without disquiet, but still without continuous and accumulating resistance. That he had watched the times for a time of action, and that they had shifted and struggled until the time had gone by, and the nobility were trooping from France by every highway and by-way, and their property was in course of confiscation and destruction, and their very names were blotting out, was as well known to himself as it could be to any new authority in France that might impeach him for it.

But, he had oppressed no man, he had imprisoned no man; he was so far from having

harshly exacted payment of his dues, that he had relinquished them of his own will, thrown himself on a world with no favour in it, won his own private place there, and earned his own bread. Monsieur Gabelle had held the impoverished and involved estate on written instructions to spare the people, to give them what little there was to give—such fuel as the heavy creditors would let them have in the winter, and such produce as could be saved from the same grip in the summer—and no doubt he had put the fact in plea and proof, for his own safety, so that it could not but appear now.

This favoured the desperate resolution Charles Darnay had begun to make, that he would go to Paris.

Yes. Like the mariner in the old story, the winds and streams had driven him within the influence of the Loadstone Rock, and it was drawing him to itself, and he must go. Everything that arose before his mind drifted him on, faster and faster, more and more steadily, to the terrible attraction. His latent uneasiness had been, that bad aims were being worked out in his own unhappy land by bad instruments, and that he who could not fail to know that he was better than they, was not there, trying to do something to stay bloodshed, and assert the claims of mercy and humanity. With this uneasiness half stifled, and half reproaching him, he had been brought to the pointed comparison of himself with the brave old gentleman in whom duty was so strong; upon that comparison (injurious to himself), had instantly followed the sneers of Monseigneur, which had stung him bitterly, and those of Stryver, which above all were coarse and galling, for old reasons. Upon those, had followed Gabelle's letter: the appeal of an innocent prisoner, in danger of death, to his justice, honour, and good name.

His resolution was made. He must go to Paris.

Yes. The Loadstone Rock was drawing him, and he must sail on, until he struck. He knew of no rock; he saw hardly any danger. The intention with which he had done what he had done, even although he had left it incomplete, presented it before him in an aspect that would be gratefully acknowledged in France on his presenting himself to assert it. Then, that glorious vision of doing good, which is so often the sanguine mirage of so many good minds, arose before him, and he even saw himself in the illusion with some influence to guide this raging Revolution that was running so fearfully wild.

As he walked to and fro with his resolution made, he considered that neither Lucie nor her father must know of it until he was gone. Lucie should be spared the pain of separation; and her father, always reluctant to turn his thoughts towards the dangerous ground of old, should come to the knowledge of the step, as a step taken, and not in the balance of suspense and doubt. How much of the incompleteness of his situation was referable to her father, through the painful anxiety to avoid reviving old associations of France in his mind, he did

not discuss with himself. But, that circumstance too, had had its influence in his course.

He walked to and fro, with thoughts very busy, until it was time to return to Tellson's, and take leave of Mr. Lorry. As soon as he arrived in Paris he would present himself to this old friend, but he must say nothing of his intention now.

A carriage with post-horses was ready at the Bank door, and Jerry was booted and equipped.

"I have delivered that letter," said Charles Darnay to Mr. Lorry. "I would not consent to your being charged with any written answer, but perhaps you will take a verbal one?"

"That I will, and readily," said Mr. Lorry, "if it is not dangerous."

"Not at all. Though it is to a prisoner in the Abbaye."

"What is his name?" said Mr. Lorry, with his open pocket-book in his hand.

"Gabelle."

"Gabelle. And what is the message to the unfortunate Gabelle in prison?"

"Simply, 'that he has received the letter, and will come.'"

"Any time mentioned?"

"He will start upon his journey to-morrow night."

"Any person mentioned?"

"No."

He helped Mr. Lorry to wrap himself in a number of coats and cloaks, and went out with him from the warm atmosphere of the old bank, into the misty air of Fleet-street. "My love to Lucie, and to little Lucie," said Mr. Lorry at parting, "and take precious care of them till I come back." Charles Darnay shook his head and doubtfully smiled, as the carriage rolled away.

That night—it was the fourteenth of August—he sat up late, and wrote two fervent letters; one was to Lucie, explaining the strong obligation he was under to go to Paris, and showing her, at length, the reasons that he had, for feeling confident that he could become involved in no personal danger there; the other was to the Doctor, confiding Lucie and their dear child to his care, and dwelling on the same topics with the strongest assurances. To both, he wrote that he would despatch letters in proof of his safety, immediately after his arrival.

It was a hard day, that day of being among them, with the first reservation of their joint lives on his mind. It was a hard matter to preserve the innocent deceit of which they were profoundly unsuspecting. But, an affectionate glance at his wife, so happy and busy, made him resolve not to tell her what impended (he had been half moved to do it, so strange it was to him to act in anything without her quiet aid), and the day passed quickly. Early in the evening he embraced her, and her scarcely less dear namesake, pretending that he would return by-and-by (an imaginary engagement took him out, and he had secreted a valise of clothes ready), and so he emerged into the heavy mist of the heavy streets, with a heavier heart.

The unseen force was drawing him fast to itself, now, and all the tides and winds were setting straight and strong towards it. He left his two letters with a trusty porter, to be delivered half an hour before midnight, and no sooner; took horse for Dover; and began his journey. "For the love of Heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honour of your noble name!" was the poor prisoner's cry with which he strengthened his sinking heart, as he left all that was dear on earth behind him, and floated away for the Loadstone Rock.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

NORTH-ITALIAN CHARACTER.

Now that there appears to be a chance of testing by experiment the possibility of North-Italian independence, a looker-on will be curious to know what promise is afforded by the character and habits of the people themselves. For men can observe what is going on in the world, or can reflect on the chapters of history they have read, without coming to the conclusion that each distinct nation is specially suited to live under some one special form of government.

Of what are the North-Italians capable? England, and her numerous progeny, must and will have self-government. The French, on the contrary, never do so well as when their vessel of state is steered by a firm, a capable, and even a severe pilot. They are too explosive, too deficient in sang-froid and self-restraint, to bear, without danger, the excitements of parliamentary debate and of an unfettered press; they are too vain, too ambitious individually, too fond of distinction, and, at the same time, too richly gifted with personal talent, to work out fairly the theoretical equality implied by a republic. Under a Louis XIV., or a Bonaparte, they flourish and thrive. They bear blossoms and fruit. If the history of the modern Italians indicates anything, it would seem to show that an oligarchy is their most congenial political element. The republics of Genoa and Venice, with their Councils of Ten, were always jealous and exclusive aristocracies. The Papedom was, and is, an aristocracy of Prelates and Cardinals. The Pope himself may, by chance, be a man of ability; more frequently he has been a man of taste, and of good intentions. But what sort of head was required by the princes of the Church, as a general rule, is evident from the fact that it was possible for a candidate for the Papal throne to secure his election by assuming crutches, decrepitude, and the stoop of extreme old age, casting them off afterwards with the sarcastic remark that he had been long looking for the keys of St. Peter, and that now he had found them!

We therefore watch with considerable interest what course liberated Italy is likely to adopt in the management of her own domestic affairs. To enable us to spell her horoscope, we again recur, with fuller reference, to the striking sketch which we owe to Mr. Antonio Gallenga, a gentleman of Piedmontese parentage, but so

English by education and habit as to have tried to settle in the land of his fathers, and to have been unable to carry out his project. A thoroughbred Englishman would have perhaps turned out more cosmopolitan in nature and disposition. He has brought back, however, a lively and instructive picture of his peninsular cousins, which, both they themselves, and their future rulers will do well to meditate. A government is really, as is expressed in popular language, a form ; the people at large, with all their moral, mental, and physical attributes, are the solid material which gives substance and fixity to the form. If the people are merely sand or water, whatever government may be modelled and raised, it will prove no better than an image of brass with feet of clay. It is true that it is exceedingly difficult to get at the real facts of Italian life. To the Englishman, they often appear contradictory and puzzling. Mr. Gallenga has principally studied them, not in the worn types of a populous town, but in the more primitive forms of a rural district. On the good or bad features of the national character rest all hopes for the new scheme of a free constitution in Piedmont ; on the success of self-government in Piedmont lie the best chances of a mitigation of the fate of the rest of Italy. With all their short-comings, as a people it is still believed there is enough soundness in the basis to give us the best assurance of the solidity of the rising structure.

So astonishingly great is the hospitality of the people who inhabit the Subalpine valleys of Upper Piedmont, that by virtue of two letters of introduction only, the author was able to travel for two weeks and some days without ever, except on one occasion, seeing the inside of an inn. The inns of the country are generally of the most wretched description ; hence the eagerness of the people to save the travellers from the miseries of their accommodation ; hence the readiness of the tourist to waive ceremony, and accept kindly what is kindly offered. Hospitality is proverbially the virtue of half-civilised races ; it is hard to have to pay in thanks the debt you would and could rather discharge in good solid coin ; but the Piedmontese are to a great extent the untravelled inhabitants of an untravelled country. Curiosity mingles with kindness in their eagerness to see strangers within their doors, and any wayfarer who chooses to make himself agreeable, or who by his manners and habits can break the monotony of their sequestered existence, repays them amply for any comfort it may be their good luck to have in store for him.

Unbounded, generous hospitality is, you will say, characteristic of all thriving agricultural countries. Those who gather from a plentiful land the fruits of the earth most immediately contributing to man's sustenance, are always, especially if their means of export do not keep pace with their production, glad to share with friends and guests those bounties of Providence which would otherwise be wasted ; and every one is acquainted with the outburst of generosity of the peasant-girl, who pressed a king

to partake of some apples, assuring him, that what he did not take "would be given to the pigs." In the same spirit, a group of rustics, busy gathering in their walnuts, cried out joyously, holding up their baskets and their aprons : "Have some ! have some ! There is enough for cats and dogs this year." That plenteousness makes bounteousness, we know from the contrast between Lombard lavishness and Tuscan or Genoese niggardliness. The inhabitant of the fat plains of Upper Italy goes by the name of "lupo Lombardo," Lombard wolf. His open-handedness keeps pace with his appetite ; he is even ready to "eat and let eat."

With all the late destruction and scarcity caused by unpropitious seasons, and by the wreck and havoc of the whirlwind and storm, the land of the sun bears yet a cheering look, and every peasant greets you with a merry face. You can scarcely enter a dwelling in all Piedmont where the good man or the good woman will not beg you to be seated, and forthwith produce the noted cobwebbed flask, and not ask you whether you will drink, but first fill the glasses all round, then bid and expect you to empty yours as a matter of course ; morning, noon, or night, it makes no difference. Nor are the manners of the upper classes on this point at variance with those of the lower, nor does it matter whether you are familiar in the house or an utter stranger. "Any friend of a friend is a friend," and in less than two minutes you find yourself hob-nobbing and glass-jingling with a man you never saw before, and never in all probability will see again, but who, if he cannot drink for the sake of "auld lang syne," earnestly solicits, glass in hand, "your better acquaintance." Women and young girls, with eyes as sparkling and lips as red as the ruby liquor before you, give you the encouragement of their smile and example ; for no one shuns wine, nor need any one dread the honest, genuine, harmless, though generous liquid. With all the disease and the scarcity and dearth, there is wine still in the country, and you may still have, at any inn by the wayside, a bottle, chiefly of Montferrat, for twenty-four sous (one shilling) — a very high price here ; but in most private houses you have the relics of old vintages, from seventeen, hundred and forty-nine upwards, chiefly those of eighteen hundred and eleven and eighteen hundred and forty-six, which were famous years ; and although the Piedmontese in these hard times stints himself in the beverage which is as necessary to him as the air he breathes, still, no sooner does a friend or stranger's figure darken his door, than the old wine must be forthcoming, as if the mere fact that any man met with a "dry" welcome on the threshold of a Subalpine dwelling were likely to endanger the honour of the country. A drop left in the glass, or a glass left in the bottle, is considered a sign of ill manners in Piedmont ; and the rustic who is invited to drink, invariably turns his glass downwards when he has done, to show his entertainer how thoroughly he has acquitted himself of his task. Ten to

one, too, the man who has been plying you with wine till he can force no more down your throat, will take you to his neighbour's house, and this latter to another neighbour's, and as every visit is merely a repetition of the same libations, the ushering in of a stranger into a Piedmontese circle becomes tolerably irksome, and may prove somewhat dangerous in the long run.

Although Piedmont is essentially an agricultural country, and the calamities of the last eight years have greatly impoverished it, yet the mountain provinces are comparatively wealthy, and can scarcely be made absolutely poor. The whole of the male population, especially of the upper valleys, emigrate yearly. All the Biellesi are masons. The Canaresans are carpenters and woodmen; the people of Val Sesia are house-painters, those of Val d'Aosta and Val Sesia, who are half-Germans, travel to Germany and engage in trade, sometimes even in banking business, and attain ultimately very considerable wealth. All of them, however, come back for the winter to their native homes, and there is hardly an instance of a Piedmontese mountaineer settling permanently abroad. Anything more striking than the calmness, soberness, and earnestness of these kind, good, generous people, is difficult to be met with anywhere. They have a serious, silent, modest, docile, and somewhat shy look, which seems akin to the English character. They are only gentler and meeker, less self-confident than the fortunate builders of "the empire on whose boundaries the sun never sets." They are by no means loud, but thoughtful, and at any rate no talkers or gesticulators, like the rest of the Italians. No French swagger, no Lombard or Tuscan chattiness and frivolity about them. They have a dignified, firm, resigned, patient air,—the air of men fit to govern themselves, as well as to "rule over the stars."

It will hardly be believed that, although dwelling in such a glorious country, the Italians have no eye for the beauties of nature, and seldom affect any love for them. There is not a single landscape description in the whole range of Italian literature, unless we take, as such, the stiff and formal gardens of *Alcina* and *Armida*, by Ariosto and Tasso, which are no more landscapes than the Tuilleries garden is a park; no landscape picture from Dante to Manzoni, and this latter had all the models of Germany and England before him. The Italian is no lover of rural life. He dreads of all things an isolated dwelling. If he cannot live in the capital, he lives in a provincial city; if not, in a country town; then in a village; only not in a country-house. They huddle together in their squalid boroughs and hamlets, and the happiest man is he whose forefathers have built their home in the narrowest, closest court or alley hard by the market-place. Every man owns a vineyard, and every vineyard has a hut; but that hut is no man's abode, or only the luckless hind's, who digs and prunes it. A lady, with fair complexion, melting blue eyes, and a great display of tender sentiment, was asked, in the

witching month of May, if she would not, at that season, rather be in the country. "In the country!" she ejaculated; "what on earth should one go to the country for now? Surely there is no fruit to eat." In their dingy provincial towns they huddle together, landowners, farmers, and most of the labourers; and every town gives itself the airs, and revels in the light gossip, of the capital; every town has a café, or a score of cafés, to idle away time in, with their tawdry, smoky, gilt and mirrored rooms.

The Italians have a saying that, during the heat of the day, nobody but dogs and Englishmen are to be seen in the streets. After discussing various causes to which may be assigned this degenerate want of energy, Mr. Gallenga suggests that, after all, perhaps it is the meat purveyor who is to blame. Do we not hear that the great secret of the astonishing success of the Anglo-Saxon race by land and sea, by which it has "conquered one-half of the world and bullied the other," is mainly to be ascribed to the good, sound, honest "Roast Beef of Old England?" And have not the Germans their own favourite assertion to the same effect, that the extraordinary vigour which enables them to crush the Celto-Latinis on the Po, and the Magyaro-Slavonians on the Danube, is simply due to the tough "Schinken and Wurst" (ham and sausage) on which they feast so plentifully? Do not we know the different results attendant upon the mere fact of feeding a dog rather on meat and bones than on oatmeal and garbage? Can there be any doubt that man, an omnivorous animal, must be in a great measure amenable to dietetic rules and principles? And if so, what can we expect from the paste and rice messes of the Italians, from the overdone meats, the all-pervading softness, and thinness, and sweetness of their daily food?

An Italian takes, by way of breakfast, a cup of pure black coffee in bed, or as soon as he is out of bed; some have their déjeuner à la fourchette towards noon; many content themselves with a cup of stiff and thick chocolate, washed down with a glass of cold water; and many take not a morsel of food till late in the evening—in Turin, generally not till six o'clock, which is the hour of their monster dinner. No one is so extravagant as to exceed his two meals in the day. It is very clear that a stomach exhausted by a twenty-four hours' fast will not easily manage a tough beefsteak or a rich plum-pudding. Hence the necessity for the Italians to pamper their taste with platefuls of minestra, maccaroni, risotto; anything that will stifle rather than satisfy the cravings of hunger; any substance that will cram and baffle the stomach, and which yet, after the stupor and torpor of half an hour's unnatural strain and tension, will leave it emptier and hungrier than before.

With all the money and thought that is expended in Italy on mere eating—and your dinner in Turin costs you more than in London—the people, even of the better classes, are an ill-fed race; and it is, under all circumstances, only a

wonder that they should preserve as much physical activity as they still exhibit. "Let us go and set four," or even only "two steps," is the expression with which young heroes invite each other to join in a constitutional walk. At Turin the phrase is, "Let us go as far as the Po;" the promenade extends about half a mile in length. Then for three months in summer the sun is too hot, for three months in winter the air is too keen, to be braved otherwise than under the shelter of the colonnades; under the colonnades, therefore, they go, shuffling and shambling, and falling to pieces. No town in the world can boast such glorious public walks; fine avenues along the Po; a sweet shady dyke between the river and the hill-range, emphatically called the Collina; with an Alpine panorama which beggars Berne or Neufchâtel. But all these are left for the sole enjoyment of the hardy foreigner. An English lady who rambles about the hills till the sedentary natives think her crazy, astonishes the fine Turin ladies as she lays before them huge bunches of flowers which they admire as hothouse exotics, and which she is at great pains to assure them she has been gathering wild along the hedges of their own villas on the Collina!

The more, in short, you know the customs of these people, the stronger grows upon you the conviction that they are a worn-out people, either suffering from the habitual fast to which they doom themselves from morning to night, or else reeling under the weight of their one daily meal, which they have no stomach to digest and no legs to carry. The very horses bear evidence of the extent to which they suffer under the stuffing and starving system to which their owners voluntarily subject themselves. They are surfeited with hay all day long, and denied more than one scanty feed of corn. The very smartest steeds prancing under the dapper officers of the Sardinian army, or the sleekest geldings drawing the few carriages of the Piedmontese nobility, have all rather the look than the substance of efficient cattle. An hour's ride or drive round the Piazza d'Armi is promenade enough for man and beast, and the latter could not, in all probability, stand much more. Away from Turin, in out-of-the-way country towns, there is no out-door exercise of any kind whatever. Horses there are, a few, but no saddles. Those who feed cattle think they can also afford conveyances; and as no man who can ride likes to walk, so no man who can drive is willing to ride. Throughout Lombardy, and even in Piedmont, if you except the army, whoever owns a padovanella, carrettella, or any other trap, prefers lolling on the box to all the pleasures of equestrianism. The Italians may be made, but they are not born, riders. They have a stupid old saying, to the effect that a riding man's neck is always in danger.

Not long ago, the whole population of Piedmont were startled by the announcement, grounded on accurate statistical inquiries, that the mortality of Turin as far exceeded that of Paris, as this latter surpasses that of London.

It was anything but a pleasant revelation for the Sardinian capital—a town which, notwithstanding the severity of its climate, and with all allowance made for ill-swept streets, and even more outrageously dirty and filthy staircases, for imperfect sewerage and abominable smells of every description, ought to be one of the healthiest spots in the world, by reason of its site, and on account of its regular modern structure, of its wide, straight thoroughfares at right angles open to all winds, and of the three rivers (the Po, the Dora, and the Stura) meeting close under its walls, and bringing to it the fresh mountain air, at the same time that they lay it under water at pleasure, so as to cleanse it of all impurities.

Many and various were, of course, the reasons brought forward to account for the mournful phenomenon; but it seemed to strike no one that all the habits of the people were calculated to breed disease and shorten life. Nothing is more common, even in this high Piedmontese region, than to find men in perfect health, who yet may be termed old at five-and-thirty or forty years of age.

The great enemy of the Italians, and of all Southern nations sunken in indolence, is fat. Melancholy is the besetting vice of the Italian temperament; that vice, aggravated by injudicious, unwholesome diet, by sedentary habits, and by an excess of sensuality which is vainly ascribed to the enervating effects of the climate, leads not to good, firm, brawny stoutness, as good living does in the North, but to flabby and torpid obesity. The naturally elegant and symmetrical forms which generally characterise the population of all classes in the peninsula (though perhaps not so in Piedmont), are apt to grow out of shape and proportion ere the men attain their meridian of life. There are not a few gentlemen below the middle age in Turin actually unable to waddle from the House of Deputies to the railway station without blowing like so many steam-engines. Nothing can equal the laxity of the pores of their skin. Some of them resemble Don Mariano, the macaroni-eating priest of Sorrento, who never ventured out of doors, summer or winter, without the precaution of a shirt under his arm, well knowing that he would hardly go a hundred yards' distance, when, without a change of linen, he would be sure of catching his death of cold. Bilious and phlegmatic as many of the Italians are by nature or habit, they fancy they are perpetually labouring under the inconvenience of a sanguine temperament, and are always in bodily fear of a colpo di sangue, or blood-stroke, apprehending no ills except such as arise from excess of blood. They are humoured in these notions by their physicians, who are for ever bleeding, cupping, and applying leeches to them; and, for every pound of good blood that thus runs waste, cold stagnant lymph, such as may be secreted from macaroni over-boiled beef and cauliflower, is gradually substituted.

From the food of the body it is only natural to turn attention to the food of the mind; and, of

all sorts of intellectual feasting there is an absolute penury, dearth, and famine. Unquestionably, both in Turin and at Genoa, a few steps have been made since the time when the Madre Priora of an Ursuline pensionnat gravely debated in her awful mind the mooted point, "Whether a girl should be taught to write, since that necessary accomplishment might be turned to the wicked purpose of writing a billet-doux;" but a long time must elapse ere an Italian woman, and indeed even her stronger half, are supplied with sufficient means for that education which in other happier communities may be said to begin after schooltime. In Italy there exists no literature, hardly two lines, calculated to give persons of mediocre understanding and culture that taste for, and habit of, reading which furnishes the mind with a certain amount of Conversation-Lexicon information. To a man used to English town and country houses, nothing appears more striking than the almost total absence in Italy of books, considered simply as indispensable articles of furniture and objects of civilised luxury. People read nothing but their own newspaper (much good may it do them!), or at most the *Siecle* or the *Debats*. Turin boasts only one club, and two or three paltry circulating libraries. Such towns as Ivrea, Biella, and Casale have actually no establishments of either kind; and the casinos or clubs that are now being opened in the minor country towns abound more in packs of cards than sets of books. Railways exist, but railway libraries are not even dreamt of; reading in Italy is, in short, by no means reckoned among the necessities of life.

A farrago of books, and even several reviews and literary papers, weekly or bi-monthly, are, indeed, published in Turin, as well as in Florence, Milan, and throughout the cities of Lombardy; but they are all productions belonging to Old Italy, new commentaries on old Dante—that eternal Dante!—motheaten chronicles, or dissertations on some antique, cracked Etruscan potsherd, without a spark of life in it. In all these branches of dilettantism, Tuscany has a decided advantage, and, to say the truth, in all literary, bibliographical, or educational activity. The downright Piedmontese—the descendants of the subjects of those Victor Amadeuses who valued the worst of their drummers more than the greatest of their scholars—continue to this day to be the "Macedonians of Italy"—a term which is far from intended as a reproach. It may be suspected that the works of certain writers, whose names have attained a European reputation, are, even in Italy, more extensively purchased than read.

Men cannot live even by Dante, Tasso, and Metastasio alone: the mind requires fresh nutriment, as it grows and moves onwards; and the national literature in Italy has been at a dead stand-still since Manzoni. Beyond the frontier streams of the free Sardinian lands, this intellectual dearth is generally, and not quite unjustly, accounted for, by referring it to a variety of obvious political causes. It un-

doubtedly is hard for any man to write where he is not allowed, at his own peril, and upon his personal responsibility, to think and express what comes uppermost into his mind; but Piedmont has achieved her freedom; language and action are now only limited by the just bounds of the law. No little good would accrue to the country, in the dearth of native productions, from the free importation of the treasures of more fertile lands; although, as far as French literature is concerned, there is no doubt but that young Italian politicians and mature ladies of fashion see more of that than is good for them. But the whole produce of the German and English mind is terra incognita for even the most curious and enterprising Italian reader; not only on account of the national Italian prejudice revolting against everything Teutonic, but also because the study of the Northern languages has been till now most miserably neglected in Italy. Great results might therefore be expected from a liberal supply of good translations.

With mental stagnation it is only consistent that material stand-still should be associated. Piedmont is in everything nearly two centuries in arrear of modern—at least English—civilisation. Anywhere out of the reach of railways, we have to look for consolation in travel to those days when, in England also, as late as the reign of George II., the coach of his queen, Caroline, could not be dragged from St. James's to Kensington in less than two hours. What first strikes a traveller on his arrival, is that nothing can well be more shocking than the roads, public conveyances, and houses of entertainment. Railways do not by any means cross the country in every direction, and many of these districts are sure to be raised sooner by the archangel's trump than by the shrill sounds of the locomotive's whistle. Now, it seems here to be a settled maxim, that railroads are everywhere to supersede roads, so that the latter are allowed to fall into decay, not only in the enjoyment, but even in the mere prospect and expectation of railways. A bill has gone through the Chambers, by virtue of which all roads running parallel to a railway in operation cease to be maintained at the charge of the state. Wherever steam forsakes the traveller, it leaves him to grapple with difficulties which render a journey an almost herculean feat. There are in Piedmont, royal, provincial, and municipal roads, so called, as the construction and keeping of them devolves on the government, on the counties, or on the boroughs and parishes; but it would be hard to say which are the most abominable.

A fault common with all Italian roads, and traceable to ancient ideas of Roman magnificence, is their absurdly great width. There is hardly a road across the vast plain of Piedmont that will not give passage to six carriages abreast. To say nothing of the deplorable waste of land in an extremely fertile country, where every square inch of ground is, or might be made, worth its weight in gold, it ought to occur to the road-makers that the maintenance of such a road ob-

casions useless trouble and expense. But the high roads in Piedmont, as almost everywhere in the absolute states of the Continent, have been the work of despotic sovereigns, who looked more for show than for use, and who carved out the ground rather with reference to their arbitrary pleasure than with due regard to the interest of their subjects, or the extent of their means; and the example being set by the contractors of royal roads, it has been followed by those who constructed provincial and other minor lines of communication. These vast tracts of waste land, which bear the name of roads, must necessarily be very difficult to keep in a proper state of drainage, and indeed the difficulty must seem so insurmountable to these worthy people, that the very attempt is scarcely anywhere made. The road is generally level, and deep ruts and hollows are made by almost every waggon going by. Add to this, that the wise laws prescribing a thickness of wheel proportionate to the weight of the waggons, are totally disregarded. Consequently, even under propitious circumstances, from one-half to two-thirds of a journey have to be performed at snail's pace. In foul weather, walking throughout is the order of the day, with the addition of very agreeable stoppages—stoppages often without any apparent motive—more frequently rendered necessary by "a screw being loose" somewhere; for there never yet was an Italian postilion, vetturino, or driver of any kind, who had not to alight at about every half-mile's distance to look to his harness—that harness which always wants mending, and is never mended but on the king's highway, as a diversion to break the monotony of the journey.

Man made the roads; God made the water-courses; and Undine is the guardian sylph of Upper Piedmont. Down below, she unites her streams into barriers against an invading foe; in the upland, she teaches them to serve a hundred purposes of health and utility. If there be one feature peculiarly charming in this most lovely and delicious country, it is decidedly the abundance, freshness, and purity of its streams. At the foot of the mountains, the water is only too plentiful; it rushes in brawling brooks, dashing streams, arrowy canals, down every hill-side, along every road or by-road, close by the hedge of every field, making everything brilliantly green, and enlivening the landscape with its incessant murmur. From the broad, mighty mountain torrent—a torrent called by geographers the Oco, but which the peasantry call L'Acqua d'Oro, or the Golden Water—a hundred canals and minor rivulets gush forth, which cover the land for several miles on the plain, and enable the cultivator to mow four rich crops of hay yearly, under the scourge of a burning Italian sun. Nearly the whole level of the Canarese land may be, at the pleasure of its fortunate inhabitants, under water. But in Piedmont itself irrigation is still in a very imperfect, unsatisfactory, slovenly state; and half a century's work will be required ere the free Piedmontese bring their country to the same flourishing condition as that

attained four hundred years ago by their Milanese brethren. Some excellent works have nevertheless been undertaken and carried through in olden times by the wisest princes of the House of Savoy; as, for instance, the beautiful water-course from Ivrea to Vercelli, commenced by Amadeus VIII. in the fifteenth century.

It is only this same province of Vercelli, and in the adjoining districts of Novara and Lomellina, formerly part of the Duchy of Milan, that the water, so wisely turned to agricultural purposes, is partly used for soaking those risie, or rice-grounds, which are justly considered the plague-spot both of this part of the country and of Lombardy, Parma, and Modena, contributing to the wealth of individuals at the expense of the health of the masses. In Piedmont proper, in the lowlands of Cuneo and Saluzzo, where rice-fields were once, they have been drained by the rigid decrees of the humane princes of Savoy, two or three centuries since. There is no doubt but the average of life for labourers in the rice-plantations, owing to the necessity of leaving the ground under water during the best part of the hot summer months, scarcely exceeds thirty years; and whole districts, with minor towns and villages, and even the old cities of Novara, Vercelli, and Montara, suffer severely from the vicinity of the pestilential fields. The wealth accruing to the country from this fatal cultivation is, however, too great for any government rashly to interfere with its pernicious source. Provident measures are, indeed, taken to hem in and lessen the evil, by limiting the cultivation of rice to certain districts, fixing the maximum of land to be employed for this purpose by each proprietor, and removing it as far as possible from crowded habitations.

Water may be made to serve other purposes besides those connected with agriculture; it will act as a partial substitute for coal and steam. Till some of the scanty veins of lignite or anthracite, which sanguine speculators every year fancy they find in the mountains of Genoa, Tuscany, and Naples, attain any degree of importance, or till some of the specious schemes for burning water, or for propelling machinery by gas obtained by some miraculous chemical process are brought to light, ill-considered manufacturing schemes will prove as ruinous as the South-Sea bubble did in England. Italy will necessarily be tributary to England or Belgium, or to some of the North American states, for coal; and the high freight of so unwieldy a mineral will always render an industrial competition between the Mediterranean countries and the northern storehouses of coals a very difficult task for the former. Still, Piedmont and Northern Italy, as well as Switzerland, enjoy a vast amount of water-power, which, coupled with the cheapness of labour, may enable them to carry on several important branches of industry with great credit and emolument to themselves. The cantons of Zurich, St. Gallen, and others, have raised themselves to the rank of first-rate manufacturing districts. Industry goes there hand in hand with agriculture. The cottage, ousy

with spinning and weaving, to a great extent rises in successful opposition to the tall, hot, noisome factory; and the happy peasant, with his whole family circle, alternates his work at the loom with the more wholesome labour in the field. Geneva and Neufchâtel have pursued for centuries some branches of finer industry, in which they have obtained a decided advantage over French and English competitors. Now nothing is done in any part of Switzerland that may not with the same, and even greater chance of success, be attempted in the mountains of Piedmont and all over Lombardy.

It is a misfortune that, property being greatly subdivided, capital is very scarce. Every suggestion for work requiring great exertion, but sure to yield the largest returns, is invariably met by the Italian by his chilling wet blanket—"There is no money." Good strength of will and energy, and the habit of thrift and labour, are also wanting, nevertheless. Not much can be expected, when we behold the cafés of a dingy, dirty, poverty-stricken, dilapidated old town, crowded with a tall, hale, and muscular, but listless, languid, lazy youth, busy doing nothing, or at most playing cards and discussing Wallachia or the Danubian Principalities. Perhaps a more healthy tone of body and mind may come from the lessons of hard necessity; the present war may prove a bloody baptism, which will work out the redemption of the people, at the same time that it inflicts a severe punishment for the neglect of all pacific preparation by the means of physical education, which would have established something like harmony and equilibrium between the over-wrought nerves and the prostrate muscles of the Italian youth. For, even as a sportsman, the Italian is true to his sedentary habits. And yet, though inert and sluggish, he is not even patient: Piedmontese angler is scarcely ever heard of. The boors of the neighbourhood, and probably all over the Alps and Apennines, have a barbarous way of catching the fine trout with which their torrents abound: they throw lime into the water at the fountain-head, by which the choked and asphyxiated fish are brought senseless and helpless to the surface, and are caught in shoals as they come down the stream.

The male population of Piedmont look upon the Alpine feats of English, German, or Russian tourists, just as they listen to the recital of noble yachtsmen sailing to the North Pole for a "lark," or of young Indian officers bearding the lion at the Cape or the tiger in Bengal; they look and listen with wonder and curiosity, but at the same time with awe and humility, as if those were the exploits of a different race of beings, belonging to heroic, half-fabulous times. Is there no good spirit of emulation left among the long-depressed, leisure-loving Italians? The late Duke of Genoa, a generous soul in a frail body, was the only man of the nation who ever attempted Mont Blanc, and he was beaten back by stormy weather. His brother, the king, is as intrepid a mountaineer as ever was. Indeed, the whole dynasty of these Savoy

princes inherit the bold spirit of the iron-headed Emmanuel Philibert, and of the sledge-hammer-fisted Victor Amadeus II., men born with rickety constitution, but who, by "strong meats and strong wines," and constant exercise, so inured their frames to the greatest hardships, as to become the keenest sportsmen, no less than the noblest warriors of their times. Victor Emmanuel, however, never climbs the hills unless it be in pursuit of game. On one occasion he pitched his tent above Ceresole, at the very head of the valley of the Oeo, near Our Lady of the Snow. Hence he made daily excursions on foot over rocks and precipices, by the side of which the vaunted horrors of an ascent of Mont Blanc are mere child's-play. He was rewarded for his pains by killing a stambecco, a gigantic chamois, or wild-goat, of a species now extinct throughout all the rest of the Alpine region, and which is rarely found, and not without infinite toil and danger, even amidst the highest mountains.

We repeat it, Mr. Gallenga's book is most noteworthy by all whom it may concern, at the present turning-point of Italian fortune.

THE FUTURE.

*The drop that falls unnoticed in the stream,
Prattling in childhood on its native hill;
The stream that must leave home and travel far
Over rough ways, with torn feet and no rest,
Changing its voice, and then, in calmer flow,
Sobered by dreams of the eternal sea,
Pass with wide water, trembling in its depths,
To the great ocean, like a soul to Heaven,
And bear the drop to rest, and roam no more.*

*For me, a life that only late set out,
In weakness, as a swallow from the nest,
On its long journey to the land unknown,
That, gaining strength, must pass through stony
ways,
Be lashed of storms, and oftentimes, in thick gloom,
Lose sight of what it prized, yet with the hope
That all its blighted loves and treasures lost
Are taken of the wind like winged seeds,
And sown by angels in the better land,
Where this tired life shall rest, and find them
grown.*

*The beam that, distant yet, but on its way
Intent, past systems, over comet-tracks,
Comes like a pilgrim with an offering,
And through the pure space to the misty world
Brings the faint greeting of a star unknown.*

*For me, the light feet, not yet heard on earth,
That move toward me from the better land,
And, though unheeded, shall complete their work,
And, like the morning sunburst breaking nigh,
When my heart faints, and all my life is dark,
Step from the cloud bearing the gift of Heaven,
Sweet face and tender hands to comfort me.*

*The poet that shall come in the world's need
And lead men to the light, and teach them truth,
And win them by the wonder of his words,
Till true be known for true, and false for false,
And build the many-coloured bow of thought
In sight above their heads, and, in the end,
From his gold cup shall so enrich the world
That men shall lavish blessings on his grave.*

For me the angel that shall take my hand,
When winds are ceasing, and my work is done,
And, like a king leading a beggar child,
Shall open death and lead me through the veil,
And gently guide me, dazzled with the light,
Till my hand rests on all that I have lost.

PERKINS'S PURPLE.

LET other men sing the praise of Hector and of Agamemnon, be it for me to sing the praise of Perkins, the inventor of the new purple.

Perkins (Mr. Perkins), I should at once mention, is the gentleman who, by his skill in chemistry, has lately discovered this beautiful purple colour now so common, and which tradesmen foolishly call Mauve—a French word, I believe, derived from the name of the mallow plant, but why or wherefore used I know not, except that the mallow flower is of a dull brown purple, and is utterly unlike the delicious violet of Perkins, to which the Tyrian purple of the Cesars is tame, dull, and earthy indeed.

It is a pleasant thing to draw similes from the fact, that this exquisite colour was extracted by Mr. Perkins from coal tar. The black sticky juice of fossil plants seems, at the first blush, a curious source for so pure and bright a dye; most men to obtain which would have boiled down chaldronfuls of wood violets, or waggon-loads of pansies and Venus's looking-glass. Mr. Perkins, a man who has fought his way up through the mysteries of chemistry, groped for it in the seething kettle of the ship-builder, and found it. Did the purple shadows of clouds throwing laburnum-coloured tints on the surrounding sea suggest the search, or did the sea itself whisper and moan out her dyer's secret? Not it. Perkins tracked the purple out in the products of distilled indigo, grasping the secret from amidst the red glare and ponderous smoke of an ordinary unenriched laboratory in a London street.

Chemistry is hard at work seeking for remedies for disease. It is filtering water, and separating air, and melting diamonds, and making ice in red-hot crucibles, and performing all sorts of juggling tricks; it is brewing poisons and searching dead men's stomachs for poisons it has invented; it is watching artificial digestion in artificial pouches; it is doing all over the world, simultaneously, thousands of useful, dangerous, and curious things. It has all but discovered gold; it has all but discovered Nature's receipt for making diamonds; but never, though, has it discovered how to stop the death-flood of cholera, the sloughing throat of diphtheria, or the new plague of London now seething in the Thames. Never does it work so hard and with such staring, eager eyes and acid-stained fingers as when it works at the bidding of trade; commerce being, as we have at last discovered, the special ambition and object of England as a nation. The Celt, Saxon, and Norman were fused together that we should trade; Magna Charta and our 1688 guarantee were obtained that we should trade. We conquer to trade, we missionarise to trade,

we wage war that we might have unimpeded trade. Last of all, we make chemical experiments that we may trade, and of the discoveries of our commercial chemistry Mr. Perkins's discovery is one of the greatest and most brilliant.

All discoveries do not bring fortunes to the discoverer. Fame comes; but, when the money should flow in, there is a hitch, a frost, a blight. M. Schönbein, the German country usher, discovered gun cotton, but now it is used only for blasting; but there is chloroform, that great gift of Heaven and blessing to mankind. The same alchemist who discovered gin and water discovered the more useful phosphorus, to which we partly owe the comfort of lucifer-matches.

A new colour is worth a fortune. Fortunate Mr. Perkins discovered his purple after long experimenting on coal tar and benzole, that product of benzoic acid which is used to clean white kid gloves, and which cleans them without the noxious smell of morphine, which is a poisonous preparation of opium.

The Persian king, who offered a large reward to the discoverer of a new pleasure, by which he did not necessarily mean a new sin, would have buried Mr. Perkins in a well full of diamonds. He would have pelted him to death with gold pieces, or have erected to his honour golden statues.

The chemical experiments that result in leaving deposits of colour in glass tubes, or in crucibles, are innumerable. Red oxide of manganese fused with glass communicates a beautiful violet tint. Iodine is rich in dyeing dolphin tinges; safflower gives cerise, madder is a powerful agent in dyeing our soldiers' coats blood red; but few of these are permanent colours, many of them pass away quick and volatile as the summer rainbow, many are mere phenomena, gone almost before they can be seen.

It had been for years known that benzole, exposed to a reducing action and oxidised, became aniline, and that a dirty fugitive purple appeared in the course of the transmutations of this aniline, and was, indeed, a test of its presence. It took Mr. Perkins three anxious years, however, before repeated oxidisations worked their spells, and Mauve flashed upon his (Perkin's) eyes. It is a liquid purple, perfectly transparent and soluble in alcohol. It is patent, and has to be purchased directly or indirectly from the clever inventor. It can be deepened with Prussian blue to any tint, but only at the expense of its valuable property of permanence.

It is rich and pure, and fit for anything; be it fan, slipper, gown, ribbon, handkerchief, tie, or glove. It will lend lustre to the soft changeless twilight of ladies' eyes—it will take any shape to find an excuse to flutter round her cheek—to cling (as the wind blows it) up to her lips—to kiss her foot—to whisper at her ear. O Perkins's purple, thou art a lucky and a favoured colour!

The proper complementary colour to Mauve is a greenish yellow, not an orange. And this is well for ladies to know who do not understand

that Nature is inexorable in her laws of colours, and will not be trifled with with impunity. If black is worn near the face, it will make faces pale, just as deep red will rob rosy cheeks of their bloom and make them look almost wanting in colour; brown makes a face brickly. It was ordained so when the rainbow was made, and it will ever be so. Green and yellow together will always be a hideous contrast, just as blue and green are. Red and green, and red and blue, will always be pleasant to the eye. It is true, Nature can make any two colours agree; but then it is by the subtle way in which she mixes her proportions. All sorts of chemists had experimented on aniline, obtaining it from indigo, coal tar, and the decomposition of all sorts of nitrogenised substances. It was known to be oily and colourless, with a pleasant vinous smell, and a burning aromatic taste. It was known to evaporate easily, to turn the dahlia juice green, mixed with hydrochloric acid to strike fir-wood deep yellow, to form with a solution of bleaching powder a deep but fugitive purple. But here stepped in Mr. Perkins, fixed the dye, and carried off the imperial purple on his shoulders, as he well deserved. Alchemists of old spent their days and nights searching for gold, and never found the magic Proteus, though they chased him through all gases and all metals. If they had, indeed, we doubt much if the discovery had been as useful as this of Perkins's purple.

Whatever has colour must have a dye, though it may be too expensive to extract; and, when extracted, too fugitive, or too opaque, or too pale, or too light. The alchemist of to-day has grown practical, and works for the Manchester factory. A discovery that benefits trade is better for a man than finding a gold mine. It is, in fact, like this Perkins's purple, the key to other men's gold mines.

Purple has always been a royal and favoured colour, though selected by Nature to clothe the little wayside violet. The Tyrians sent it in ships, and on camels' backs, all over the world to clothe kings and adorn emperors. The murex, or sea-fish, from which they obtained their purple, had been for centuries before their discovery of its use, the mere mussel that fishermen ate, longing for the richer food of the "lubbers" on land. The use had slumbered in the shell, thrown in heaps to rot upon the Tyrian shore, till some thoughtful knife scraped and scratched till it hit upon the receipt Nature had written on it in purple ink; just so before Perkins, thousands of chemists sniffed and tasted coal tar, observing its scientific first cousinship with the oil of bitter almonds, and the benzine collas with which certain manufacturers, wishing to avoid the smell of naphtha, clean white kid gloves, without ever sniffing out this profitable secret. The rich dye was there, as the rose of morning flows in the dark cheek of night, yet is not visible till that great discoverer the sun comes, and looks for his bride at the daybreak.

Lucky Mr. Perkins, favoured Mr. Perkins, to be smiled at by Belgrave angels, and to have the colours of thy election admired by the houris

of The Row! Knights of old broke each other's ribs, and let out each other's blood, dying happily amid a heap of shivered armour, so that their ladies' colours still waved from their helmet, or sopped up the blood oozing from their gaping heart wounds; but you, Mr. Perkins, luckier than they, rib unbroken, skull uncracked, can itinerate Regent-street and perambulate the Parks, seeing the colours of thy heart waving on every fair head and fluttering round every cheek!

One would think that London was suffering from an election, and that those purple ribbons were synonymous with "Perkins for ever!" and "Perkins and the English Constitution!" The Oxford-street windows are tapestried with running rolls of that luminous extract from coal tar; knots of ribbon, the white shining through the pure and clarified purple, hang from the dégagé hoods of the Right Honourable Mrs. Bellwether and all the Miss Bellwethers as they fill the Bellwether barouche, like a nosegay of purple stocks, and roll down Baker-street towards the thinning Park. It decorates in streamers Mrs. Collywabbles bonnet (Mr. C. is M.P. for a Cornish borough), those streamers Mrs. C. flutters through the grey cobweb air of Latakia-square as if it was the Collywabbles banner, and she was preceding a band of pure Pollywiggle electors to the Polly-wiggle poll.

O Mr. Perkins, thanks to thee, too, for clothing, as with a stainer, the little wax hands of the belle of the season, who, riding through Decomposition-row towards Kensington on band days, maketh it a desert, the cavaliers following her as if her chestnut mare were a magic horse hammered out of a magnet. Thanks to thee, too, for fishing out of the coal-hole those precious veins and stripes and bands of purple on summer gowns that, wafting gales of Frangipanni, charm us in the West-end streets, luring on foolish bachelors to sudden proposals and dreams of love and a cottage loaf. As I look out of my window now, the apotheosis of Perkins's purple seems at hand—purple hands wave from open carriages—purple hands shake each other at street doors—purple hands threaten each other from opposite sides of the street; purple striped gowns cram barouches, jam up cabs, throng steamers, fill railway stations: all flying countryward, like so many purple birds of migrating Paradise; purple ribbons fill the windows, purple gowns circle out at shop entrances, purple feather fans beckon to you in windows. We shall soon have purple omnibuses and purple houses; there is everywhere a glut of this white and violet, which is a great deal more agreeable than perpetual partridge.

When I see a mild fever, like this gentle, fashionable insanity for Perkins's purple, I wonder at the unhappy limitations which Nature has assigned to the lower animals. They cannot take to new fashions; they cannot go to this ball in rose pink, and to the next in clove red and black lace. They cannot tie their hair in cabbage-nets or dumpling-bags, and then sprinkle

them with glass sugar-plums and showers of coloured comfits; they cannot even (letting alone these epidemics) change for sensible and prudential reasons; Nature's livery is unalterable. She allows but one suit, and that lasts all through life. The duck has a green plush neck, the cock has a scarlet crown. They must keep to green and red; there is no alternative, let it suit their complexion or not. Perkins may discover a new pleasure in his purple, it is not for them; they have got their suit, and must make the best of it; it will last them till they are laid in state, the one in a bed of green peas, the other delicately tinted with egg-sauce. Nature is chary of her ideas; she cut the daisy out of white and yellow, and just touched it with pink, thousands of years ago, and there the daisy is still, just the same—conservative enough. And here a moral: The animal and plants are Tory. Man is progressive. Heaven knows, man is animal enough, in his greediness, in his vanity, in his rage, in his fear, in his magpie collecting, in his sheepish running in flocks, in his stupid curiosity, in his respect for the strongest, but in two things we are not animal:

WE COOK AND WE DRESS.

There are no animal Soyers, no animal Madame Furbelows, there is no Perkins to stain monkeys a fashionable purple, or to dye a lion's mane Mauve. Sandy they are, tawny he is, and sandy and tawny the last monkey and the latest lion will be found. Warlike monkeys have been found that did battle with cocoa-nuts and stones and boughs against intruding travellers who would have disturbed the balance of power in monkey land, and destroyed the monkey constitution; but they had never ruddled themselves red with ochre, nor covered their breasts with sham lace, nor stained their legs cherry colour. Yet, when the first Roman pushed the Kentish oak-boughs back with his spear, he found Paradoxaenus painting his body with a map of England in blue woad. The earliest Irish, who two thousand years ago brained their landlords and, even at that early period, made bulls, stained their shirts yellow with saffron. We may, therefore, fairly suppose that the first milliner was probably contemporaneous with the first woman, and that the carpenters who made the ark were not ignorant of the construction of a bandbox.

A great many legends relating to animals turn upon their supposed melancholy and despairing regret at having no future state; but how much more likely that the tearfulness in the brown eye of the horse, and the contemplative pitifulness in that of a cow, arise from envious longing for a change of dress. Perhaps every time Madge in the red petticoat milks Chocolate Moll, and every time a wonderful creature in "peg tops" or Zouave breeches gets into a cab, the animals feel cruelly the helplessness of their condition. No wonder that sometimes the cow runs horns down at Madge, and that the cab horse browses a mouthful of artificial flowers out of an old

maid's bonnet. It is all envy—sheer animal envy. No wonder, then, the Swiss cows delight in the necklace and bell that guides the herd to the terraces of sweet thyme and myrtle-leaved Alp roses. No wonder the Spanish mules rejoice in their trappings of red and yellow. How the London brew-horses exult in their jingling brass ornaments and their ear-bags! With how much better grace, then, would a cow submit to be milked if it had a hanging of cherry-coloured silk, a cab horse to gallop if it had trappings of blue and silver, brewer's horses to tug and strain if they were covered with yellow and red nettings! Brute animals have their vanity to comfort them for not being human, and men have their vanity because they are not Brute animals.

Truly, man cooks and woman dresses. There we win the race. We beat them, too, by changing and advancing; for, while we made the reed hut grow till it became a Gothic cathedral, the dove still builds her nest as when she flew, first of all the birds, to land from Noah's ark, leaving its fellow to follow as it might. It is in this point of change that the peacock of the terrace is beaten by the lady of the manor-house. The vain bird comes to the hall window, pecks to show the performance is going to begin, and then, with a fluff, spreads abroad its great Indian fan, full of golden glitters, brazen gleams, and emerald eyes, to show her human rival in the Perkins's purple barege, how poor a thing human dress is beside Divine invention. The lady says nothing; but, the next time the bird looks in, Eve is in rose satin, and the third time in Mauve colour and black. Why, it would take a kaleidoscope to match her. The peacock trails back to the farm-yard to tell his friend the bacon pig and his noisy kinsmen the barn door fowls, the completeness of her defeat. The lady changes like a dolphin; she has more aspects and mutations than the fickle moon herself. "Bah! it is not fair," says the pea-hen. "No, no," chatter the pea-chicks, unanimous for once.

I dare say my readers all know the story of the Red Indian who, having wounded an English officer during the American war, was so puzzled when he went to scalp him at finding his enemy's wig come off in his hand that he relinquished his purpose. I am not sure that the wounded man did not become a sort of Manitou or Indian deity in consequence, and depart at last laden with buffalo tongues, blankets, and wampum belts.

To return to Mr. Perkins and his wonderful purple, let us hope that it will not be forsaken as easily as it has been discovered. It has a moral superiority over other purples—it is permanent. The French purple grew white in sea air, or in sunlight, or on the smallest provocation. In waistcoats, it stained your shirts; in gloves, it gave you dyer's hands. Now the Proteus is changed; it is fixed; it stains still, but it never fades. It may be a silly thing to forfeit all individuality and to put on a flock colour that becomes a livery—a colour that, on the smallest

change of fashion, tells its tale of date and change. Red heels by thousands once trod the Loudon stones : now they are seen only in faded, obsolete, cocked-hat comedies. Blue stockings were the rage during the Regency ; they are gone where the velvet coat powdered with gold strawberries, the sky-blue velvets, the flower-embroidered suits are gone—to dust and ashes ; gone with swords, and clouded canes, and roses in the shoe, and feather head-dresses, and snowy mountains of powdered hair, and rolled stockings, and double watches, and bunches of seals, and hangers at the button-hole, and daggers at the side, and plumed hats, and ladies' buttoned riding masks, and silk cloaks, and satin suits woven with pearl, and broad cloth of gold sword-belts, and all other fal-lals of dead vanity—gone where even Perkins's purple must one day follow them—to the great dusthole of oblivion outside the back-door of Vanity Fair.

DRIFT.

ST. FRANCIS'S WILL.

If abjuring the opera, resigning his clubs, friends, festivities, and all frivolous matters conceivable, and cutting himself off without even the usual shilling which belongs to this popular phrase, he were to turn into the Home Mission, take a berth as ward tender in the foul ward of St. Bartholomew's, or the Fever Hospital, and at night wait upon the inmates of the Field-lane Refuge, what opinion would his own mother have of the sanity of her son ?

And yet the founder of the most distinguished order of the Mendicant Friars, called either Franciscan from their founder's name, Grey Friars, from the colour of their habit, Minores, or Minorites, as the youngest and humblest of the religious foundations, six hundred and fifty years ago, did this and a little more.

From wealth, this zealot descended to utter poverty ; from station he abased himself to the level of the lowest outcast in the town, and turned to attend on the poor and the sick, above all, on that unhappy wretch, who, in those days, was banished from among his fellow-men, the pariah of oppidans, the unclean and accursed leper. St. Francis of Assissi, or as it is now written Assisi, a town in the Papal States, was born in the year of our Lord 1182, and there is a concise outline of his career in Professor Brewer's *Monuments Francisca*, published by the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury under the direction of the Master of the Rolls.

"Happily for the objects of his mission, St. Francis had been brought up as a factor for his father, a wealthy merchant. He had early opportunities, through his mercantile occupations, of coming into contact with the manufacturing population ; and his whole life shows, as well as the rule which he gave to his followers, that he understood better than most men (whatever else might be his failings), the true nature of his mission and the character of the people with whom he had to deal. He had to strip Christianity, in the first instance, of the regal robe in which

popes and prelates had invested it : to preach it as the gospel of the poor and the oppressed. It was not to be a trap for men's obedience ; it was not to demand a surrender of that independence which the commons of the towns had guarded so jealously, and purchased at such costly sacrifices. He caught the poorest in their poverty ; the subtle in their subtlety ; sending among them preachers as ill-clad and as ill-fed, but as deep thinkers in all respects as themselves. Like other reformers of his age, his earliest thoughts were directed to the Saracens. Among them he proposes to labour. But his purposes right themselves, and find their due employment in a larger and more important field. His followers are to visit the towns two and two ; in just so much clothing as the commonest mendicant could purchase. They are to sleep at nights under arches, or in the porches of desolate and deserted churches, among idiots, lepers, and outcasts ; to beg their bread from door to door ; to set an example of piety and submission." How the Rev. Canon Pretyman, who left half a million pounds, vicarial gains, behind him, would have psha'd at such a rule of ministratin ! Moreover, St. Francis appointed that twelve conditions must be fulfilled before any applicant could be received into the order. He must believe the Catholic faith,—must not be suspected (even) of error,—must be single,—legitimate,—whole in body,—prompt of mind,—out of debt,—not born a bondman,—"if he be a clerk at the least that he be going of sixteen years of age,"—of good name and fame,—either competently learned, or else able to profit the brethren by his labour—and of gentle condition, so that his entry into the order "maye be grete edification to the people."

But there is an early English translation of the Testament of St. Francis, in a vellum MS. of the fifteenth century, among the Cotton manuscripts at the British Museum, formerly belonging to a Franciscan friar, John Howell, which gives such an insight into the practice and doctrine of a religious enthusiast, that I believe, with the properest respect, the whole bench of bishops will be all the better for a close and attentive perusal of the document, and so, without more ado, I copy it and dedicate it to them :

"Here beginneth the Testament of owe holy fadre Seynt Francis.

"Owe Lord gave unto me brother Frauncis thys to begynne and doo penaunce, for why when I was in the bondage of synne yt was bitter to me and lothesomme to se and lokke uppoun personouys enfeft with lepre (leprosy) ; but that blessid Lord broughthe me amoneg them, and I did mercy with them, and I departing from them, that before semyd bitter and lothesome was turned and changed to me into gret swetnesse and conforte bothe of body and of soule, and afterward in this state I stode and bode a lytle while and thenn I lefte and forsooke the worldy lyf ; and our Lord gave to me suche faithe and devotion in his Churchis that thys symply and mekely I wurshipped hym, and prayed and sayd : 'We wurshipe The most blessid Lord Jesus Crist here, and at alle churchis whiche be in alle the worlde ; and

we thanke The for by thy holy crosse Thou hast bowghte and redemyd this worlde.'

" And then afterward our Lord gave unto me suche faith and confidens in those prestis whiche live accordynge to the forme or ordynance of the holy Churche of Rome, for the ordre of them that if they did trouble and pursue me I wold returne and have recourse unto them.

" And yf I had as myche wysedome as Salomon had, and shall happen to fynde the poor symplest prestis of this worlde I wold not preche in ther parishes wherin they dwelle contrary to ther wille. And thos and all other prestis I wille fer and dred, love, honoure, and have in reuerence as my lordis and soverayns. And I will not considre nor espie eny synne in them; nor I wille not thynke that they be rechilles (reckless) and synfull, for I considre them and take them as my lordis and masters; and this I doo for this consideration, for in this worlde I se nothyng with my bodily yes of the moost hiest Sone of God, but his most holiest and most blessid bodie, and his moost holy and preciuose blode which they resceyve, and thei only mynister those most holy sacramentis to other men.

" And wher soever I fynd his most holiest names and wordis written in inconvenient placis I wille take them and gather them to gethers. And I desire that they be takynn upp and gatherid together, and that thei be put and kept-in convenient, cleme, and honest placis.

" And alle devynes, and alle thos that mynister to us the devyne service, and shew us the worde of God we sholde honour, and haue them in reuerence as those that minyster to us the spryte and the lif, or as those of whome we haue owe spirituellle and gostly foode and the sustenaunce of our sowle.

" And after that our Lorde had sent too me bretherne, no man told me what I sholde doo, but that most hiest and gracius Lorde shewed to me by revelation that I sholde lyve after the forme and the wordis of the holy gospelpe. And I in fewe simple and playne wordis caused the fowrme of our lyf to be writtenn, and our holy fadre the pope confirmed hym unto me, and they that camme to reseyve this forme or maner of lyvynge departyd and distributed that they had and myght haue too powre people.

" And we were content with oone coote pesyd bothe within forthe and without forthe with a corde and a femorall (breeches), and we wold haue hathe ony more. Oure devyne seruyce the cleriks saide as other cleriks, and the lay bretherne said ther pater noster.

" And we fulle gladly dwelte and taried in pour deserte and desolat churhys, and we were content to be taken as ideotis and foolys of every man, and I did exercys me self in bodily laboure. And I wille laboure, and yt ys my wille surely and stedfastely that alle the bretherne occupie and exercys themself in labour, and in such occupation and labour as belongethe to honeste. And those that have no occupation to exercys themselves with alle, shall lerne not for covetis to resceyve the price or hier for ther laboure, but for to give good example and eschewe and put away idlenes.

" When we wer not satisfied nor recompendid for our labour, we went and had recourse to the bord of oure Lorde, askyng almes from dore to dor. Our Lord by revelation taughte me to say this maner of salutation, ' Oure Lorde give to this his peace.'

" And my bretherne must be welle ware and welle avysed in ony wyse that they resceyve no churches nor dwellinge placys, or ony thingis, but yf they be as

semythe holy pouerte, the whiche in our rewle we have vowed and promised, always longyng and abiding ther in those placis but as pilgryms and straungers.

" I comandaunde also stedfastly and straytely by obedience unto all my brethrene, that wheresover they be and abide, that they be not so bolde or so hardy other by themself or by ony other meane persone, to desire or axe or to gette or purchase ony letter or writynge from the Court of Rome, nother for the Churche nor for any other maner of place, nother for prechynge nor undre that colour, nother yet for the persecution of ther bodies; but wheresover they be notte resceived they may flee awey and departe thes to another place to do penaunce with the blissynge of God. And I wille in alle thyngis stedfastly and surely obey and be obedient to the generall minister of this Fraternite. And to what someuer warden hit shall plese hym to geve me or to assigne me; and in suche wise I wilbe takynne and yelded and resigned in to his handis, that I may nother doo nor say other wise then yt is his wille, for he ys my lord and soffrayne. And though I be but simple and not lernid nor letterid, and seke and unstedfast and feble, yet neuer the less I wille haue a clerke whiche shalle say the devyne seruyce unto me like wyse as yt is expressyd and contayned in the rewle. And alle the other bretherne are bounde also too obeyle unto ther wardens, and too saye ther devyne seruyce after the rewle.

" And yf eny of the bretherne be founde that say not ther devyne seruyce after the rewle, or that wold varye and change ther office any other wey, or say ther seruyce ony other wise, or after any other use, or that they be not stable and stedfast in the Crysten feithe, alle the bretherne arre bounde by obedience, wher soone they fynde suche a brother, too bryng hym and to present hym to the next custos or warden to that place wher as thei fynde hym, and that custos or warden ys bounde stedfastly and straytly by obedience to kepe hym surely and strongly as a man in holde and in bondis as a prysoner bothe daye and nyghte so that he maye be delverid to the hondis of his mynister. And his mynister is bounde stedfastly and straitely by obedience too send hym by suche bretherne, the whiche shalle kepe hym daye and nyghte as a man in holde, until that they bryng hym and present to the Lord Hostiente, the whiche is lord protector and correctour of this fraternite and brotherhood.

" And the bretherne shalle not say that this is a newe rule, for thys ys a rehersall or a recording and a remembraunce and admonicion and exhortation, and my testament and last wille whiche I brother Frauncis, your yongelyng and your poor servant make and leve unto you my blessed bretherne to that intent that the rewle whiche we have vowed and promyssed to our Lorde we may herby the more surely and faithfully observe and kepe.

" And the generale minister and alle the other mynisters and custosis and wardennys be bounde by obedience in these wordis onythinge to addis hereto nor mynysche onythinge here of, and always they shall haue this testament in writynge with them by the rewle, and in alle their chapiters and capituler congregacions that they have or that they make when they rede the rewle, they shalle rede these wordis, or this my testament contayned in this word.

" And I comandaunde by obedience unto all my bretherne, bothe cleriks and also laye bretherne, that they put or make no glose on the rewle, or on

this my testament contayned in these wordis, saying that thus hyt shuld be undrestonde.

" But like wise as oure Lorde gave me or graunted me grace simply and purely or playnelye to say or to shewe the rewle, and these wordis soo sympilly and purely without any glose, you that be my bretherne shall undrestonde them and with holy operation and with frewtefull werkis and holy conversatione ye shall observe and kepe them unto your lyves ende. And who soever trewly observe and kepe he shalbe fulfilled with the blessings of the most hies. Father in hevnyne, and ere in erith he shalbe fulfilled with the blessing of his most best and swetest Sonne, with the moost Holiest Goste. And they shalle afterward be also accomplysched with alle the orders of angellis and with alle sayntis, abiding always in ther holy, blessed, and joyfull company in the kyngdome of hevnyne. And I, brode Frauncis, youre yongelyng and your pour seruaunt, how much soever I may or as for furthe as I cann or may establische and conferme unto you within forthe and withoute forthe this forsayd most holiest benediction and blessing.

" Here endithe the testament of oure holy Fadre Seynte Frauncis."

It would be impertinent to mar a text so replete with charity, humility, and good sense as this is with any derivation or explanation.

GAMEKEEPER'S NATURAL HISTORY.

It is my fervent belief that the natural history of England will never be written properly till it is taken in hand by the English gamekeepers : written by those sinewy, stalwart men addicted to velvetine shooting jackets and leather splattered dashes, and taken from the ink-stained hands of those pale, weak legged, purblind men in spectacles, who review everything second hand. I maintain that old Targett, the gamekeeper at my friend Colonel Hanger's, who spends all day waiting for vermin, trapping, and shooting, and all night watching for poachers, in Redland Woods, must know more about the habits and customs of the fox, the badger, the marten, the rat, and the rabbit, than Professor Mole of St. John's Wood, who, never goes into a field, never rode after a fox in his life, was never present at the "drawing" of a badger, never fired off a gun, never dug out a dog-rat, never bit the tip of a bull-dog's tail to make him stop fighting ; who does not know how pheasants roost, could not catch a weasel asleep, or otherwise is, in fact, a poor, respectable, over civilised, rheumatic, narrow-chested Professor ; very great with his books and lamps, but a mere ignoramus down beside our tough friend Targett, who cannot write (who, in fact, I caught the other day tearing up an old volume of Cuvier to make wadding of the covers), but who has spent his life, not in reading other men's thoughts, but in observing living things, and studying their ways. He has never heard the word *Mammalia*, but he knows the individuals of the class, knows how to feed 'em, and snare 'em, and generally circumvent 'em. In fact, all he knows is how they live, eat, drink, and sleep ; what they feed on, to what extent their instinct

goes ; how far they can be tamed ; their times of breeding, and haunts—things which Professor Mole merely writes about.

It is a sad thing, I often observe to my friend Mr. Fox, of Great St. Andrew-street, who stuffs birds and sells them, that men who know a subject generally, cannot write, and those who know nothing about it, but only think they do, can. Here, down in Wiltshire, we have Targett, who knows more about English natural history than all the F.Z.S.s and presidents of societies in the world, yet cannot sign his name, and always puts a cross to his sharp son's weekly register of game killed that is sent in to Colonel Hanger. Professor Mole, who does not know a polecat from a ferret when it flashes across a country road, yet compiles his naturalist's library, &c. &c., the only books where an Englishman can learn anything about the animals of his own country, though he may go to the Regent's Park and make faces at the lion, or throw a bun to the bear with impunity. In fact, the more I read Cuvier, and Jardine, and "the whole bilin' of 'em," the more I feel that English natural history is yet unwritten, and is to be compiled from the half-century wisdom of earth-stoppers and gamekeepers, and woe be to the infant science if we stop till these old men go to earth, or death makes game of our gamekeepers. As the Dodo and the Mammoth have perished ; as the Great Sea Serpent of the Indian Seas, and gigantic Kraken of the Northern Ocean, have passed into myths, so will pass the English badger, the wild deer, and the cornerake. The wild cat is almost gone, the fox in time will follow, and where will be their histories ?

Our child of the year two thousand and fifty, dressed in crimson silk breeches and satin and cloth-of-gold night-gowns, going out to dinner in steam balloons, and using electric telegraphs to ring the bell with, will, perhaps, some day, want to know what the fox, people hunted in one thousand nine hundred on steam-engine horses, was like. This student goes to his cupboard of thirty thousand books, and running round the tramroad lined with shelves on a velocipede, he takes down a dusty French book, *Dictionnaire Classique*, or *L'Histoire Naturelle*, and finds to his delight that the Renard is a *Canis Vulpes* of the order *mam*. He is also overjoyed—that enthusiast for antiquarian knowledge—to find that Renarde is the female of Renard. The food of the almost forgotten animal and its habits it was too trifling for scientific men to give. But still he is gratified and comforted to learn, on the conjoint testimony of MM. Bourdon, Pierrot, De Candolle, Delafosse, and others, that the fox is a species of the genus *dog*, and that it is a cunning and greedy animal, its odour unpleasant, and its fur of a reddish brown colour.

Stop ! the historian gluts our enthusiast with information. Here is more news : "The tail of the Renard is bushy and of considerable magnitude." O these valuable and laborious French writers ; what years of watching beside damp fox earths, and under ash roots and behind tight-

rinded oaks they must have spent in accumulating all this information, in addition to what Adam observed as the great procession of birds, beasts, and fishes passed to the baptism. If Adam had written natural history, then we should have known if we have yet classified half the existing creatures, and have settled the question of that troublesome sea-serpent who keeps putting in alibis in different degrees of latitude, and whose existence (you need not go and mention it) I fervently and persistently have believed in.

It is my fervent belief also—and I love heterodoxy, because it keeps moving—that no one can paint a thing which is not before him as he paints; that no man can describe a place but on the spot; that no one can write on animals till he has chased, and shot, and petted, and watched them. Natural history is not to be written by professors in spectacles—timid, twittering, unsophisticated men—from stuffed animals and bleached skeletons. What we want is open air natural history, such as Audubon, and White of Selbourne, and Gould, and more of it and deeper of it. What we want is gamekeepers' societies, and discussions duly reported: Leatherstockings president, Shotpouch corresponding secretary (if he could only write)—no Monoculuses and Moles, thank you. Then we might have something like natural history, and know where we were and what to be at. When fish are bred and brought up in aquariums, and butterflies and reptiles, too, then we shall know something about them. Till then, under the head English Natural History, write Chaos; which, being interpreted, means blankness and old night. It is the land of Boshen and of fog.

Let me turn to the word "fox," and see what these dull, unadvancing pedants say—men who ought to discuss and chronicle every newspaper paragraph relating to wild or tame foxes, and examine the very length and breadth of their subject.

What does Professor Mole say? Here is the book, with a dauby, inaccurate, burnt sienna drawing of a fox, that a whipper-in would laugh at. The text occupies about two pages; it could be read in five minutes, yet it was only last November I had a burst of forty minutes after a fox that broke away from the Blackmoor Vale hounds, near Windwhistle Inn, and every minute of that time, I can assure you, furnished some fresh instance of this incomparable animal's instinct. Riding home, the old whip told me enough stories about the fox's habits to fill a large volume of the Professor's works. And this is history! Shall I be ever driven to bring out that great exposure of mine, called "The History of Historians?"

Well! let us get to Mole's book. Here it is: Fox—*vulpis vulgaris*—supposed to be indigenous to England—tradition says it was taken over to America by the Pilgrim Fathers—measures two feet five inches (I have known some hundred exceptions); tail cylindrical, one foot three inches; head broad, snout sharp, eyes oblique, nose and forehead

rectilinear. On the colour of this little-known animal the Professor is very minute, stating the fur to be yellowish red, shading off to a paler yellow (few naturalists can describe colours, never using similes, the only way to express clearly and vividly subtle distinctions); this malt colour, or ripe corn colour, is mixed, it appears, with grisly white and black hairs; ash colour breaks out on the forehead, rump, and hams; the lips, cheeks, and throat are white, and there are white lines on the inner surface of the legs; the breast and belly are whitish; the ears and feet black; the tail is tipped with white, and sometimes ringed with black. The Welsh foxes, wishing for heraldic difference, and being probably of old Pendragon blood, and of a richer and stronger smell, leave out the black ring.

The Professor having here exhausted his limited palette of colours, branches off to the Syrian fox, that Samson caught and tied firebrands to, to the silver fox, &c. The Professor's mode of writing, however, is sometimes rather confused, for he describes an Indian fox that is so agile that it can turn nine times within the space of its own length—agility that even our English M.P.s could scarcely rival. More wonderful still, it feeds on "field mice and white ants, with tails like squirrels." What a terrible thing an ant with a squirrel's tail must be?

The great delusion of historians seems to be that they must write about nothing but the crimes of kings. The delusion of Professor Mole seems to be that their special mission is to describe in conventional language (generally second-hand) the colours of animals. This done, their task is over. Give me an old poacher; you take Jardine. Give me Targett, you take Mole. I believe in few things, but the one thing I do believe in is the value of personal observation. All second-hand things are bad; second-hand information is generally first-hand ignorance.

As for fish, I give up all hope of ever knowing anything about them. The turtle, turbot, cod, and sole I have dissected, and I think know pretty well; but who is to spend months off the Doggerbank, the Knock, or the Silver Pit sands, to study the habits of the tattered mackerel and the pearl-coated whiting? who will go and live in a diving-bell, and see them play and dance, and feed and fight, and make love and go to war?

But the fox. Is it not dreadful to a progressive mind to hear that stagnant old Mole, surrounded by his glass-cases and stuffed deaths, potter on in this vein:

"Upper shades of the body red fulvous; muzzle dark rufous; on the back waves of whitish; chest grey; anterior line of the forelegs deep black; tail mixed fulvous and black."

What is fulvous and rufous? Why, Mole, do you not go to the colour seller and learn the names of colours, for are not maroon and burnt sienna more intelligible than your gabble of fulvous and rufouses? And perhaps all this time, thou one-eyed writer for

blind people, thou art describing an exceptional fox, no more like the average foxes than an Albino is like an ordinary man, or a Yankee like an Englishman :

"Foxes have the lateral crests of the skull, which serve to attach the chrotaophite muscles in the shape of an angle, but slightly prolonged before they unite on the frontal suture."

Is not this throwing a stone at us when we ask for bread? Is not this pelting us with barbarous Latin and dog-Greek when we ask to know something about foxes?

Another quarrel of ours with Mole is that he is the dog in the manger—he does not write natural history himself, and he barks at any one else who wants to. And singular, although half his science seems to consist in the mere classification of animals, he always gives us careless daubs of them—rude, raw, and impossible in colour. Here, for instance, is the tricolored fox of Virginia, in an expensive work on natural history, coloured as barbarously as if it was a Cupid holding a pincushion heart in a penny valentine. "Silver grey" is represented by a wash of lead colour, and "rufous" by raw sienna, which also daubs up the eyes. Surely no colour is better than wrong colour any day in the week.

But Mole has not yet exhausted his handbook to the fox. Under the head Canide he kindly tells us—Sub-Genus 3, Vulpes—the foxes—that "the pupils of their eyes are elliptical, or contractile into a vertical slit—tail long, bushy—lower on the legs in proportion to the body—fur finer—habit nocturnal."

And, wonderful to relate, I also find, under the head "Important to Fox-hunters," the following interesting bit of algebra:

$$\text{“Incis. } \frac{6}{6}; \text{ carn. } \frac{1-1}{1-1}; \text{ check, } \frac{6-6}{7-7} = 42.”$$

Which looks more like a calculation in arithmetical cypher of the Professor's income than anything else; but at last I get on dry ground and read, as an alchemist's boy might read his absent master's secret: "Muzzle elongated—nostrils naked, binular, and open at the sides—tongue soft—ears erect—feet anterior pentadactylous, posterior tetradactylous, walk on the toes—mammae both pectoral and ventral." This is, indeed, knowledge—something like knowledge!

Why is not this printed in a cheap form, placed between an orange-tawny cover, illustrated with a Flying Dutchman fox-hunt, and sold on railway stalls for the use of young fox-lovers who run about England after a bad smell when they might get it in full perfection in the Thames without running at all? What a fine sight it would be to see a band of scarlet youths, while waiting at the covert side some biting January morning, instead of idle smoking, and scandal and gossip, improving their minds by studying Professor Mole's (un)natural History of the British Fox.

And fancy, too, in that golden age, when

all fancies become true, and all good men's wishes are fulfilled, fancy the Professor roaming about by moonlight with sanguinary Jem the poacher, studying with the zeal of a Columbus the natural history of the British rabbit, or mounted on a thorough-bred, trying to learn the habits and tempers of that "noble quadruped" the horse. True, the gallant Professor might catch cold sitting down in the wet fern, and he might be pitched into the thorn cage of a bullfinch. But what of that? Has not science also its martyrs? Was there not once a Park, once a Perouse, once a Cook? Why should there not be a Mole?

"Now for your own history of the fox, the rat, the dog, the badger, and all kinds of creatures," says Mole, spitefully.

No, Professor, it does not follow that because I see a shot-hole in the side of the vessel of science that I am necessarily sea-carperen enough to at once plug it. I see the howling barrenness of your book, but I can only hint at the flowers that might turn it to a garden of Eden. I have a few gamekeepers' notes that I keep as proofs and evidence. More I have had and lost; but still, what I have are a good specimen of the vein I have struck.

It was only last week I was down in a Wiltshire village; and, having studied the church—where on Sundays you hear the blackbirds in the rector's garden laurels making their blithe responses between the pauses of the psalms, and where the arrow-fleet swallows zigzag in and out the aisles between the lessons—and, having watched the reapers, with their steel crescents, busy in the gold rows of the sloping corn-fields, and having read all the red and blue handbills on the folding-doors of the only empty barn in the place, I began to grow a little weary of lying down in the clover-field and watching the bee excisemen, so I determined to follow the dark green line of path that led through the meadow, where the young pheasants were dusting and sunning themselves round their coops, and go and have half an hour's quiet "crack" with old Targett, the head-gamekeeper.

Off I went, rousing the dozing larks to their chorister duties, whipping the purple cushion heads off the thistles, and taking the way to the hanging wood, in the heart of which our Wiltshire Leatherstocking lives. I love the deep greenness of the old plantations, where the ferns are high enough for a stag to pass under, without his antlers touching the key-stone of the arch, and the honeysuckles wind so close together that they seem like chains twined with flowers. Here were glades, too, quite dry, and coated with the red brown aromatic dead needles of the fir; and, up in the tall beeches, whose grey trunks threw quite a light around me, I could see the bush of the squirrel's nest.

At last I got to the break looking down on the stubble-field, where the keeper's cottage was. It was bosomed in woods, and down below, before it, was a stile grown round with docks, and a blue Gainsborough glimpse of a church tower—with the weathervane on it glittering like a

burning diamond. A great white setter lay at the door, that had been too much with gentlemen to bark at seeing me. I entered. There was the old cottage, with guns on the rack over the fireplace, and a stuffed white owl staring at you with glassy unblinking eyes from above the American clock. There was Targett busy chopping up rabbits for the young pheasants, while a nice old woman, with all the blandness and ease of a duchess, wiped a chair clean for me, and then smiling welcome, went on stirring the oatmeal over the fire. The younger Targett was stuffing a hawk to nail up over the window.

We first discussed the wonderful skill and readiness of poachers; how they bewitch trout with quick lime, and send the three-pounders floating down the stream from under the weeds; how they use cherries with the stones out, and young grasshoppers and wasp-grubs, and salmon-roe, and all sorts of unlikely things for trout that the fish could never have tasted or heard of, yet always bring the poacher's creel home heavy. On moonlight nights when they could see the hares, "these gentry" were sure to be about. He told me, too, that the herons had an oil in their legs that attracted the fish round those meditative birds as they stood in the shallows, and that poachers, it was said, about the Trent, extracted this oil, and used it with great advantage to dip their bait in; this was one of those things, he thought, that "gents as wrote on nat'ral history" and were wide awake, should inquire into. He had no time to do it; it was quite enough for him to see the dogs were fed, and the vermin killed, and the rabbits snared to feed the pheasants with. As for all those bright varnished rods and expensive tackle gents brought down with them, and wonderful flies with "mouse's bodies and peacock's wings," he would wager any night to catch a basket of perch with one gudgeon's eye on the hook—ay, with mere line and no rod at all.

Then about foxes—they were cunning surely. Many a night watching he had seen them in the hare runs, practising how far they could leap from a certain bush so as to be sure of their prey, to the very inch, and off before the best of shots could get his gun up. Didn't they eat too, and spoil more than they eat? He had known a dog-fox, when it had cubs in an earth hard by, kill thirty ducks one night; and, a week after, thirty pheasants. Couldn't eat half of them of course, but dug holes in ditches and buried the overplus. It often happened Fox forgot where he buried them, or at least never dug them up again. Why, he had seen them down in the water meadows try a plank that crossed a brook, try it a dozen times, before they would go over; and he had seen them dip their tails in urine, and then drag a trail from a stone heap in a field to where they lay hid. Presently out ran the mice, followed the trail, and were instantly pounced upon. He had met them, too, with geese thrown over their backs and the necks in their mouths. As for trapping them, it was difficult. Why, if you put a gin

at the mouth of the earth, they would scratch out above it, or scratch out backwards, and so make the thrown-out earth spring the trap. Even when caught they would sometimes bite off the broken leg and escape.

"Did they really read the newspapers to see where the hounds met next morning?"

"Well, that was a wond'ry good 'un!" (Here Targett beat his thigh jovially.) No, he thought the varmint did everything but that. They had been known to breed on the top of a church, getting up every day by the ivy boughs, and had been at last killed by the hounds on the very church roof. They had been found with their cubs in the hollow top of pollard trees, and they had been known, when chased, to take to the water and hang on by their teeth among the osiers to a willow bough, their body being invisible. As for their cubs, the vixens will carry them any distance; any disturbance or noise near a hole will make the vixen and cubs change their hole. As for the mange, that scourge of dogs, they "have it dreadful," and have been found as bare as an old trunk and without a hair in their tails. Foxes would run twenty miles straight without turning; even foxes hid in sea cliff that seldom ramble far, perhaps living on fish, and I must remember, too, the fox was always taken at a disadvantage, generally full in stomach and tired with the night's prowl; an evening fox fresh from the day's sleep few dogs could catch.

Here Targett, junior, who had been burning to put in his oar, and was dancing round me with the half-stuffed bat in his hand, broke in to tell me how last night, outside the warren, he had heard a dreadful shriek, as of a woman being murdered, round the corner of a wall. He looked and saw a hare, its head sopped wet crimson with blood, tearing along, and a stoat riding on its neck, sucking like a demon at the spine. As he got up the hare fell dead, and the stoat slid away.

I don't know what I might not have heard to enrich our meagre natural history, had not at this moment the squire's dinner gong boomed out an imperious summons for me, which even my zeal for science was not strong enough to induce me to disobey.

DOWN IN THE WORLD.

Our errand leads us into a long and rather low-roofed ward in a workhouse, containing from thirty to forty inmates. It is their sleeping room and sitting room, and while some (in the last stage of weakness, but without any active disease calling for infirmary practice) are confined to their beds, others are sitting round the fire, or making sofas of the outside of their beds, or leaning over a table in the centre of the ward, upon which are spread pamphlets, or newspapers, or books from the workhouse library. The ward is long, and tolerably broad; there is room for a double row of beds, fifteen or twenty in each row, with the heads against

the opposite walls, and the feet projecting into the room, leaving a central avenue wide enough for the nurses and patients to pass and repass without inconvenience, and affording space for long narrow tables. We pass on to near the extremity of the ward, to see our friend the tight-rope dancer, who dearly likes to talk of old times. This is he; this little man with the broad pale forehead, and the unnaturally bright eyes. You would not think that his lungs were affected, or that he had reached the age of sixty-four, for his voice is clear and shrill, and he talks on without any sign of fatigue; but the fatal word *pthisis* is written on the card at his bed's head, on which are also inscribed his name, age, &c., and the prescriptions of the medical man. How his face kindles with pleasure at being invited to tell the story of his life! The man is well spoken, and if a stray expletive should by chance fall on your ear, or an expression which you would rather not hear from a dying man, you will remember the strange wild life he has led, and the long force of habit, which confirms modes of speech almost beyond recall:

"My father was a marble-mason; he carried me as a child to see the horsemanship; and I took such a fancy to it that I was always jumping and tumbling; so he thought the best thing he could do, was, to bring me up to the profession. And, sure enough, he apprenticed me at six years old, and by the time I was ten years old I was a regular public performer. I played at the Olympic—not the Olympic that is now, but the old one. It was partly built out of an old ship given us by King George the Third.

"You ask whether I had any schooling. Oh yes, plenty. Our master wasn't a bad man, though people gave him a bad character. He rented a comfortable house for his young people to be in (close by the Theatre the house was) and he took care that all his 'prentices should have a fair education. I was 'prenticed for fourteen years: I was fed, and clothed, and taught; and the latter part of my term I had ten shillings a week pocket money. Not so bad, was it?

"What were my duties? Why, my duties were slack rope and tight rope every night, and leaping besides. Tight rope is soon learnt—it is not at all difficult; for you have your balance and you fall back to rest against the chair (as it is called) between the dances; but slack rope is a great strain: you are in motion the whole time, without resting once. But it's a fine thing for bringing out the muscles.

"Twas the slack rope dancing and the leaping for so many years that hurt my limbs. I gave my muscles hard work as long as I could, and now they're paying me out for it. This is what makes my limbs ache so, night and day. Nothing else—no, there's nothing else the matter with me."

This was the constant delusion of the poor fellow, despite the tearing cough which told a different tale.

"Perhaps the leaping hurt me most. You see, when you come to cast a somerset over

eight or nine horses, you come down deuced hard. They put large square sacks stuffed with straw to break your fall; but, bless ye, that don't break it much! Such leaps as that, shake ye all over; and while you're jumping about afterwards as light as a feather, you are aching from head to foot.

"You may well say it's a hard life; but it has its pleasures too. I was very fond of it; but then I was a devilish lucky fellow. I never met with an accident—not to hurt myself, I mean—for the first five-and-twenty years. Then I had a bad one. I was engaged at the Eagle (a great place for our entertainments in those days) and I fell forty-two feet and broke my nose. I was trying a new dodge on the slack rope—you're always obliged to be getting up something new—I wasn't sure of it, and didn't know exactly how 'twould turn out; but I soon found myself falling right into the fountain. My shoulder caught upon the spikes and put me in great agony, and my nose was broken against the edge of the fountain. But they took me to a hospital, and the doctors put me to rights again.

"You ask what I did when I was out of my time. I was then twenty years old, and I kept with our company, at a salary of two pound five a week, and went on provincial tours. Afterwards I had three pound a week. We went to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all the principal towns of Scotland, and afterwards through Ireland in the same way.

"You think it a high salary, do ye? But young people find plenty of ways for their money, and then I had to find all my own dresses. I might have done better. A fellow-apprentice of mine went abroad and made his fortune, and I might have gone too; but I refused, and I don't repent it, for if I had gone I shouldn't have had *her*." Here he paused, and observing our look of enquiry, he gave one of those bright smiles which occasionally flashed across his face, and added: "At the time I had the offer to go abroad, I was courting the landlord's daughter at Penryhn, where our company was staying for ten weeks. I was acquainted with her for three months, and then she came to Taunton, and we were married at the church of St. Mary Magdalen. And a good wife she has been, too.

"Yes, I expected you'd say that! With a good salary and a good wife I ought not to have come to the workhouse. That's what everybody says. But you see I've had a hard family; eight children to provide for (though only four are living), and then I had to find my own dresses, very handsome dresses too, and when my health gave way I had to pay the doctor. Thirty-four pound I paid the doctor after I had given up my engagement.

"My children have managed to get out in the world, and find their own living, and my wife tries to support herself by needlework; but its very bad pay. She can just manage to rub along; but she couldn't keep me, so I came in here, and I'm tolerably comfortable, and don't

want for anything. My wife's got all my dresses at her lodgings. I told her not to part with 'em. Very handsome dresses, if you'd like to see 'em."

There is always something touching in the enthusiasm of the poor fellow when he talks about his professional costume. He goes over the several items, and dwells in imagination on the contents of a certain chest which he supposes to have been kept inviolable under the pressure of want; and as he mentally reviews the tinsel, he is carried back to the scenes of his youth, and is once more surrounded by brilliant lights and laughing faces, and is receiving the welcome incense of applause.

One very severe day our poor acrobat was shivering with cold; while the rug was being adjusted across his shoulders, a great-coat was observed at his bed's head, and he was asked if he would have it spread over him?

"No, thank you; it's a great deal too good. That's my own coat, not the workhouse dress."

"Too good to keep you warm! I think I should take care of myself first, and of my coat afterwards."

"Ha, ha, ha, quite right!" This, from a great rough, brown face peering out from a blue pocket-handkerchief, which was wrapped round the head of a patient in the next bed. A tall and a merry-faced man he was, the occupant of that bed.

"I like to make myself comfortable, I do, and make the best o' things. I have been a baker by trade, and I always did make the best of things."

"Quite right. You might be much worse off than you are here."

"You may well say that. It's a blessed place of refuge for many a poor soul, and ye may be very happy here if ye like."

"I'm glad to see you bearing your 'time of adversity' in such a cheery spirit."

"Why not? What's the use of fretting? It wouldn't help this hand, or that bad foot."

A cheerful spirit indeed he had. He was pleased with his bed, his food, his nurse, his companions; pleased with his books and with the chaplain's visits; pleased with the thought that his foot (crippled by a scrofulous affection) might possibly get better, and that he might perhaps go out and look at the world again; pleased with the thought that if it did not, and if he never saw the outside of those walls, yet he had a "blessed place of refuge," where he could make himself happy to live or to die.

A strange contrast to this man's state of mind was presented by a neighbour on the opposite side of the ward, whose sad and wistful looks made one wish to know his history, and whose bent posture led to the inquiry:

"Are you not lying uncomfortably? Could not these pillows be better placed?"

"No, thank you, this way suits me. 'Tis my back that wants support, not my head. I have paralysis of the spine, and it makes me entirely helpless. Two years have I been lying in this state, unable to raise myself, or to turn in the

bed without help. It's hard to be struck down so, in the prime of life, as one may say, and when I was earning a good living as a waiter. But I wasn't brought up to that. I was a hand-loom weaver at Nottingham, and I came up to town, like everybody else, in 1851, to see the Great Exhibition. I came up with no thought of staying here, but I happened upon a situation, and as there was a great talk at the time about the power-looms taking the place of hand-looms, I thought I might as well try for it, instead of going back to Nottingham and being thrown out of work. So I sent back for the rest of my things, and stayed in London from that day to this, with plenty of work and good wages. But in the midst of it all, what happens? Why, all of a minute, I'm cut down with this stroke; and then, what do I do? Why, I stop in a lodging of my own for a twelvemonth, and spend all my savings upon doctors, and then I come in here; and what a life this is! Not able to move! No one to speak to! No prospect of ever being any better in this world! If any one had told me that I should ever come to this!"

The man looked round with a bitter, painful smile, his eye wandering from bed to bed, and from end to end of the long ward, as if to take in the full extent of his misery. His contempt for the workhouse and its belongings was evident, and formed a striking contrast to the satisfied and grateful air of his opposite neighbour. But the baker had resources in his religious spirit, and in a naturally blithesome disposition which the other did not possess. Besides, his case was not so utterly hopeless, and he did not look back, like his companion, on a time of brief excitement and prosperity, such as the life of a busy and popular waiter would present. The man must have been a handsome waiter, too, in his time, for even under all this suffering he had not lost the brightness of eyes, and clearness of complexion, which, with tolerable features, will always constitute a certain kind of beauty. His case was a melancholy and difficult one to deal with.

Unsubdued as yet by his affliction, without friends or relatives, averse to the only subject capable of affording real consolation, holding himself apart from his fellow-sufferers, despising their contentment, complaining of the nurses' treatment, and generally bewailing his condition as a workhouse inmate, the unhappy man deprived us of the means of comforting him, and closed his eyes to every ray of hope. But a little patient observation enabled it to be discovered that even this forlorn being was accessible in one point, and capable of one pleasure. He was approached at last through his snuff-box. An empty canister at his side first suggested the thought. "Perhaps some of this irritability is caused by the absence of a stimulant which the poor fellow has enjoyed for years, and has no means of getting in the workhouse." And so it proved. A well-filled canister had a wonderful effect on his views of mankind in general, and of his own case in particular.

And this is an instance of the many ways called

"trifling" in which one may help a workhouse inmate without transgressing the rules of the establishment. It is forbidden, and rightly, to take into the workhouse spirituous liquors or articles of food which, in the case of the sick, might undo all that the medical men are doing. But the most rigid dietary hardly forbids to the aged men and women, tea and snuff, and these seem safe articles for occasional presents. At a comparatively small outlay of time and money, a large return of gratitude and friendly feeling is secured with less of envy than might be expected. The patients know very well that they cannot all be noticed on every visit; indeed it would be a poor compensation for the long confiding talk which they now occasionally enjoy, if the visitor were to walk from bed to bed and only say a few words to each. Once assure them of your interest in their individual cases, and they will trust you, and greet you with a smile as you pass their beds, even if you spend all your time with another patient. As among ourselves, the sight of a true friend, without one spoken word, makes the heart leap for joy; so among the workhouse poor, even a transient glance at you, as you pass through the ward, is a comfort. It affords a glimpse of the outer world, in which their sympathies and affections are still busy, but which many of them are destined never to look upon again. Its cheerfulness enters with the visitor; its fashions are seen in his dress; its activity in his brisk and lively step; its kindness in the interest he shows for them: an interest which they immediately distinguish from the visits and services of official matrons and assistants, however kind. The sympathies of the poor are not "inside the workhouse;" the heart of each patient is in the place he calls his home—perhaps a single room in a dark, dingy neighbourhood, where he may have left a mother, or a wife and children, to earn their living with difficulty. If any philanthropist should wish to explore the depths of misery and degradation, the blackest cellars, the foulest abodes, the dingiest alleys, which are hidden within the recesses of this vast metropolis, let him, as the shortest mode of proceeding, make acquaintance with some of the workhouse poor, and get the addresses of their friends. Not that these friends are necessarily the offscouring of the earth, as their location would seem to imply. They may, very possibly, be honest people, but they have been driven from place to place by the high price of lodgings, until the calamity which sent the head of the family and its chief support into the workhouse, sent them also into those miserable quarters, which, because they are so miserable and so sin-haunted, are procurable at a low rent. "It's hardly the place for you to go into," many a poor fellow will say, "but if you would take the trouble, I'd return ye a thousand thanks."

It was late in the autumn; the workhouse had experienced a sudden influx of poor. The slow and painful footsteps of some one were heard descending the stone staircase from the

upper wards. A pause and a heavy sigh at intervals proved that it was no easy matter for the individual to come down.

"Ah, Richard! is that you? I thought you were to be out and at work again before my next visit."

"And so did I. I'm sound and heartwhole, and I've no fancy for being here; but it's the rheumatics in my knees that's keeping me back, and now I've once got off my strength, ye see, I'm obliged to take lower wages; only seven shillings a week, and two shillings to pay out of it for my lodging. My bit of a bed and things are all safe: the woman has the use of 'em while I'm here, and she'll take me back again when I come out."

"Have you tolerably warm clothes to wear when you take off this thick workhouse dress?"
"I can't say I have. My clothes are very bad; and how am I to get any more out of seven shillings a week? It can't be done."

The promise of an old suit when he left the workhouse elicited one of Richard's brightest looks of gratitude, with a reverential tug at a stray lock of hair. I turned to go away, but he said, "Mayhap you haven't heard of the shocking thing in our ward: a young man brought in half dead, that's been trying to drown himself in the canal, and now he's trying to starve himself to death."

"No. Can I see him?"

"Surely you can if you'll take the trouble to come up." And Richard helped himself up by the banisters much more nimbly than he came down, saying as he did so, "He's in the little ward, two beds from the door as you go in. You'll see him the first thing."

And so I did. And the one glance was sufficient to convey the impression of a depth of misery which would need much gentleness and consideration from those about him.

"That's the young man," said Richard, in his zeal; and a deep frown gathered on the patient's brow as he spoke.

His face was of a ghastly paleness; deep dark hollows surrounded his eyes; and there was a remarkable frown or scowl on his brow. He did not speak or move, and he would receive no food, except such as was actually forced down his throat to prevent starvation. Nothing was known of him, but that he had a mother who had been there in great distress the day before, but whom he did not seem to recognise, and who said that he had been suffering in his head, and had been trying in vain to get a livelihood by singing about the streets. For some days, he was talked to and read to apparently in vain, yet the frown on his face looked less severe, and the mutterings I sometimes heard under the bedclothes sounded like "Thank you." One day, when there was read to him the solemn story of an agony endured for such as he, a tear stole out from under his closed eyelid. Whether he understood what was said, or whether this tear was the result of his own pain and misery, could not be told, but it seemed as if his feelings were touched; the only other occasion on

which this favourable symptom was, when there was read to him, from an old book brought by his mother, a prayer for the use of a little child, which she said he had been accustomed to say night and morning when he was a little boy.

At last, the unfortunate patient received some restorative jelly. But the pressure on the brain continued. Sometimes he was well enough to say a few words about his past life and his deep poverty, but about the crime attributed to him he seemed wholly ignorant, and could never understand how he came into the workhouse. His mother loudly maintained that her boy was too good and too religious to try to take away his own life, but he'd always been afflicted with terrible headaches, and he must have fallen into the water by accident. During his progress towards convalescence there were many patients in the same ward with him. One had belonged to the land transport corps in the Crimea, and, as he said, "had been with Miss Nightingale at Scutari;" another was a venerable-looking old man, who had outlived his friends. Another was a friendless boy, who had been brought in owing to an accident, and whose amiable face at once conciliated regard. He was rapidly improving, and gladly resting on a promise of the parish authorities that they would enable him to emigrate. "They were all improving," the nurse said; "all except the blind man."

"Are you not so well to-day?" we asked the blind man.

The man raised himself, and showed a pale and angry face. His lips were white with rage, as he said,

"How can I be well, treated as I am in this place? It is no trifle to be abused as I was this morning, and threatened to be pulled out of bed, and have my head punched."

"Who threatened you?"

"That man near you. I hear his voice. He calls himself a 'helper' to the nurse. A nice sort of a help he is! And he's savage at me because I speak up for those that can't speak for themselves. There's that young man you were reading to: he's put upon low diet by the doctor's orders. And what is the low diet? Why, it's half a pint of milk in the morning, half a pint in the evening, an egg, and twelve ounces of bread every day, and rice-pudding or arrow-root twice a week. That's his allowance, and that's what he ought to have. Well, he was brought in here of a Thursday, and he never had any milk till the following Monday, and as for the egg, he didn't get that for near a fortnight. Because I speak of these things I'm abused up and down, and threatened in this manner."

"Do you get your own allowance?"

"Yes; I've no fault to find for myself. They know I can and will speak about it if they attempt to cheat me; but this poor man, who has

been too ill to speak to anybody, they take advantage of him, and keep back his allowance."

"Who do you mean by they? Whose fault is it?"

"It isn't my fault," interposed the assistant; "I always draw the things that are down upon the diet-board, and if it had been put down there he would have been sure to get it."

"Whose duty is it to make out the diet-board?"

"The head nurse in each ward does it, and enters every morning against the name of each patient what he is to have that day. She knows what to enter, by looking at these cards with the doctor's orders on them, which you see at the head of each bed."

The diet-board was brought: the number or quantity assigned to each patient daily, was entered by the nurse opposite his name. All was quite correct for that week, and on questioning the nurse, she answered with such a volley of words—civil words, but unnecessary—that we shrank from the noise of her tongue, and left the ward. But she followed us, continuing in the same strain:

"That blind man is the greatest mischief-maker that ever came within these walls. He's never so happy as when he's getting people into trouble. Here have I been a nurse for fifteen years, and always had a good character from my patients till I came here. And now, the way I'm abused, and the names I'm called in that ward is shameful. I'm sure I wouldn't lead such a life as I've led the last week or two, no, not for a hundred a year!"

We went back to replace the card in the little ward, and to tell the blind man that he had better not interfere. But this man's tongue was as active as the nurse's, and she, hearing it, came to contest the matter boldly. Upon this the man helper joined in; some of the men were appealed to; and a strife of tongues ensued which was most unseemly. The violence and eagerness with which the nurse defended herself led us to suspect that she was not wholly guiltless in the matter of appropriation, especially when she screamed:

"If you tell tales of me, I'll tell tales of you. Who is it that hides his eggs instead of eating 'em, and saves 'em up, and sells 'em by the dozen, and then buys something better with the money? Ah!"

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